

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—By Sir George Sydenham Clarke.

2827



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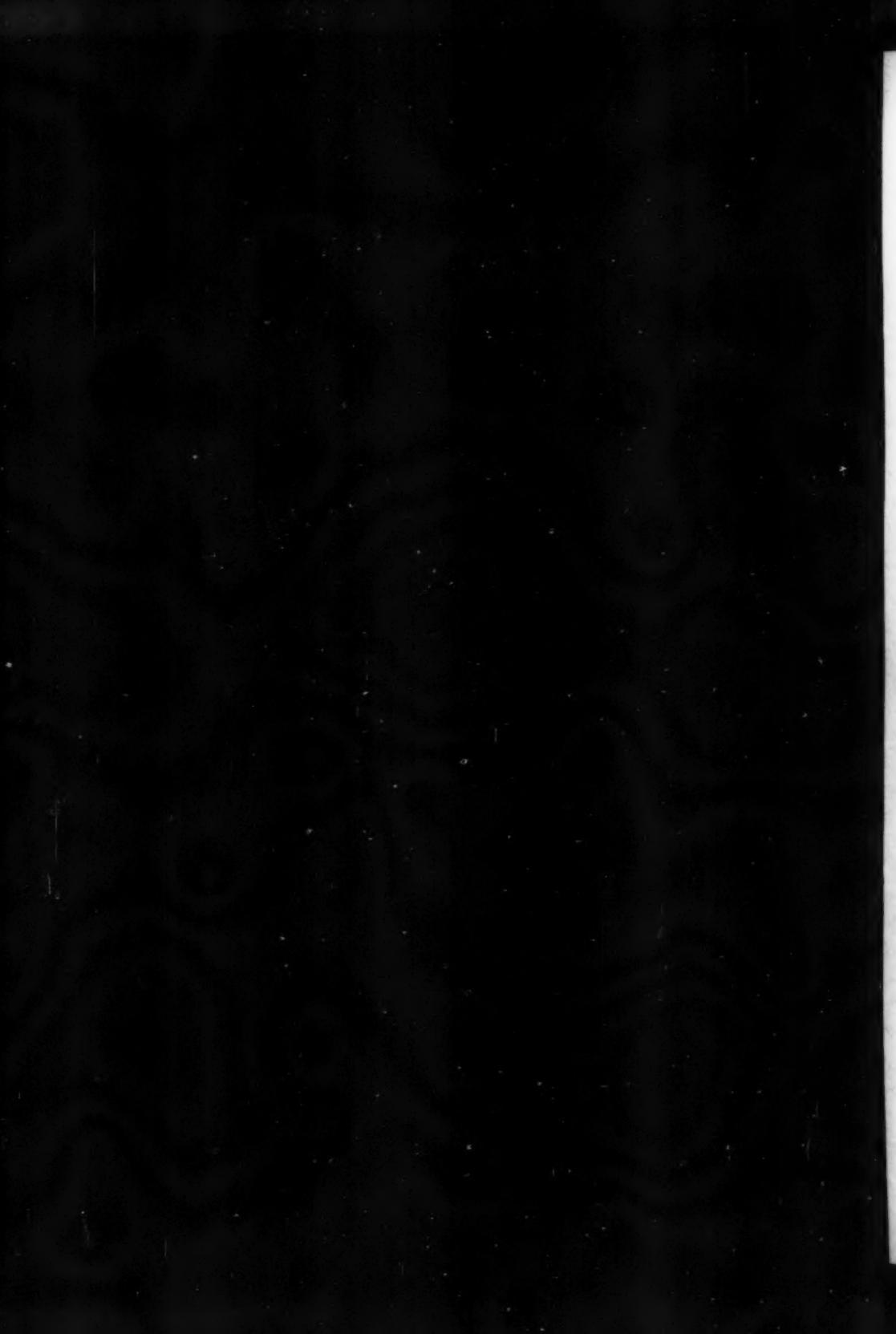
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OXFORD.

O Holy Land to which I longed to go,
Long, long ago!
On Israel's stony mountains there to
trace
 The prints of Grace;
From Hebron's starting-point each rock
 to see
Where holy footsteps trod and bled for
 me,
On to the shades of dark Gethsemane,
And darker Golgotha—

I could not go.

Visions there are of mingled joy and woe,
That haunt our dreams, unrealized below.
Yet oft I think amid these sacred walls,

 And solemn calls—

These airy pinnacles entranced in light,
These bells that warn of Time's eternal
 flight,
These moon-lit, soul-lit, high-ascended
 spires,
That take first morning-rays, eve's latest
 fires,

May there not be

For such as me

Places of memory, hallowed, old, divine,
Where one may ope a door, and find a
 shrine,

Or climb a tower, and see an Eden shine?
Places of beauty so unearthly fair,
That, best-beloved, our Holy Land is
 there,

'Mid our own people? There, in mist and
 rime,

And tenderest fancy, mystic veil of Time;
There in the home of saints, whose old-
 world fire

Lives on to light and kindle young desire,
While still-expanding truth new vesture
 wears,

Fresh revelations with advance of years;
There, where we hear the highest, holiest
 call,

There is the Land most holy, after all.
 Spectator.

A. G. B.

DAILY BREAD.

One tramped the fells from dawn to dusk,
 The winds of God about him blown:
One struggled in the sounding street,
 In all the seething crowd alone.
To one the day was living wheat,
 To one 'twas but an empty husk.
Black and White.

AT THE POPULAR CONCERTS, 1868-98.

Silent, with listening soul, I hear
Strains hushed for many a noisy year:
The passionate chords which wake the
 tear,
The low-voiced love-tales dear.

Thin, thronging ghosts the benches fill,
The dreams of youth possess me still,
The old hopes glow, the old fears chill,
Dead aspirations thrill.

A little graver and more grey,
Though thirty years have fled away,
Scarce changed, the same musicians play
The self-same themes to-day.

Swift fly the years, yet here how slow,
How scant the hidden changes show;
New faiths, new thoughts, new empires
 grow,
Yet still the Master's bow

Inspires with life the slumbering string,
Glad tears the slow bass gains to bring,
The silvery swift sonatas ring,
The soaring voices sing.

'Tis I am changed, yet, ah, not cold!
Oh, puissant hands and strains of old,
Still round my dissonant being fold
New harmonies of gold!

Speaker.

LEWIS MORRIS.

CHRIST WANTS NOT THINE BUT THEE.

A poor man beggeth of the thoughtless
folk,

And one is touch'd to say,

 "Take thou my cloak,

 And pass upon thy way."

And yet the man doth stay.

Then doth his waiting wistfulness pro-
voke

 That other, but he cries,

"Nay, take my purse so that thou now
 arise,

Yielding me grace, this rustling morn of
 May,

To sit and laugh and hear the viols play,
Untroubled by thy strange and asking
 eyes."

Ah, fond delay! man, ere he turn to part,
That beggar (namèd Christ) will have thy
 heart.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

In the July number of this review,¹ Mr. Frederick Greenwood dissects the international situation with enviable dexterity. One hypothesis succeeds another, is cleverly manipulated, discredited, dropped and again caught up. The skill of the operator is almost bewildering. We follow his movements with the rapt attention which a professor of *legerdemain* is able to evoke, and when the performance has ended, we ask ourselves what it is all about.

After careful study of Mr. Greenwood's article, I have arrived at the conclusion that its object is to throw cold water, in a thin and devious stream, upon the idea of an Anglo-American alliance. It is a dream, indulgence in which is fraught with danger to Great Britain and the United States. It is the outcome of a temporary need, which will "fade out one fine day," or be "dropped with a joyful sense of relief." We must speak of it with bated breath lest other Powers should chance to hear. Such seem to be Mr. Greenwood's views, although my hypothesis may evidently be as ill-founded as those which he himself enunciates on one page and rejects on another.

On one point I entirely agree with Mr. Greenwood. A defensive alliance between Great Britain and the United States is not, at the present moment, within the range of practical politics. Unconditional defensive alliances have fallen out of fashion in the modern world. The fact remains, and is peculiarly significant, that with the United States alone of nations would the British people now consent to form an alliance. This Mr. Chamberlain has recognized and Mr. Greenwood ignores. But, further, alliances have as a rule proved singularly ineffective. Differences of language, divergence of objects, want of a real community of interests, mutual misunderstandings—all these and more circumstances have prevented allied Powers from ever

wielding a united force approximating to that represented by the sum total of their resources. An Anglo-American alliance would, for purposes of war, be wholly free from the conditions which enfeebled the coalitions of Pitt, the Anglo-French combination of 1854 or the German league against little Denmark in 1864, which by an easy transition resolved itself into the Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866.

So much, perhaps, Mr. Greenwood admits, since he lays stress upon Count Goluchowski's fear of "a 'pan-American' danger to Continental Europe." The phrase, he tells us, "was not clear to ordinary politicians;" but he intimates that an Anglo-American alliance might be a much greater danger to "Continental Europe" than "any strictly pan-American combination. Elsewhere, however, he unduly discounts the fighting power of the United States, and whether he intends to suggest that the Anglo-Saxon peoples ought to tremble in the face of "Continental Europe," or "Continental Europe" in face of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, is shrouded in uncertainty.

I venture to think that Mr. Greenwood starts with a fallacy which permeates his whole article. The sudden uprising of Japan to the position of a great Power was, he writes, "uncomprehended" for months, "except in the higher and more silent regions of statesmanship." This is scarcely accurate. The Japanese navy, like that of Russia under Peter the Great and Catharine the Second, owed its efficiency mainly to British inspiration, and there were numerous observers unknown in the exalted regions of statesmanship who were well aware of the naval and military strength of Japan before it had been practically demonstrated on sea and land. Moreover, it is a significant fact that it was not the one Continental Government, "which for generations has surpassed all the rest in watchfulness, sagacity and resolution," that led the way in abolishing the treaties which placed Japan on a level with China or Korea. It may fairly be said that Great Britain was

¹ The Living Age, August 27.

the first of Powers to recognize the uprising of Japan.

"The first and only thought," writes Mr. Greenwood, "that was caught at here when Japan raised her flag amongst the naval Powers was that England had found an ally," and he affects to trace here a parallel to the recent signs of *rapprochement* between the Anglo-American peoples. The statement is questionable; the parallel does not exist. It was possible in 1895, and is possible now, that common interests in the Far East might bring the British and Japanese fleets into active co-operation; but then, as now and always, there could be no prospect of a standing alliance. The development of the United States shows no smallest sign of resemblance to that of Japan, and the idea that the English-speaking peoples may some day stand in need of each other does not, as Mr. Greenwood appears to think, date from the outbreak of "the wretched little war" now in progress. Nearly three-quarters of a century have passed away since, only twelve years after a mistaken and, for the United States, a disastrous war, President John Q. Adams wrote as follows:¹—

The commercial intercourse between the two countries is greater in magnitude and amount than that between any two other nations on the globe. It is, for all purposes of benefit or advantage to both, as precious and in all probability far more extensive than if the parties were still constituent parts of one and the same nation. Treaties between such States, regulating the intercourse of peace between them and adjusting interests of such transcendent importance to both, which have been found in a long experience of years mutually advantageous, should not be lightly cancelled or discontinued.

Four years later, President Jackson was able to state:²—

Everything in the condition and history of the two nations is calculated to inspire sentiments of mutual respect and to

carry conviction to the minds of both that it is their policy to preserve the most cordial relations.

And, four years more having elapsed, he could add:—

It is gratifying to the friends of both to perceive that the intercourse between the two peoples is daily becoming more extensive, and that sentiments of mutual good-will have grown up, befitting their common origin.

True that there is here no suggestion of alliance; but the fact remains that, in the first quarter of the century, two American presidents perfectly realized the existence of special conditions out of which, in a time of need, may arise an alliance of the most formidable character. From the days of President Adams to the present time, earnest writers and thinkers, who recognized the unique relation in which Great Britain and the United States stand to each other, have never been wanting. Fourteen years ago I pointed out in an official memorandum that "perhaps the most marked feature in international politics is the growing *rapprochement* between England and the United States—a growth not based merely on race sentiment, but on community of interests." And I can say with truth that to promote an Anglo-American understanding has been one of the greatest objects of my life.

The obstacles have been twofold. In the first place, the political isolation of the American people and the narrow horizon presented to their view, coupled with the travesties of history taught to the masses, have—far more than the dim memories of two wars—tended to estrange them from their "ancient mother."³ "Why," wrote Washington, "by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?" And his words powerfully influence American opinion even now when isolation is no longer possible and fate has ordained what

¹ Second Annual Message.

² First Annual Message.

³ John L. Motley.

the illustrious first president could not foresee. In the second place, while several minor differences, such as the *Alabama* claims, the Oregon boundary, the sealing difficulty and the Venezuelan question, have from time to time arisen to temporarily ruffle Anglo-American relations, there have so far been no symptoms of a common danger, no mutual interests visibly threatened, to unite the two nations. Yet, to the cool observer, the very differences seemingly tending towards rupture have in the most striking manner demonstrated a deep, underlying regard which exists between no two other nations on earth. The reception by the British press and people of President Cleveland's message and of the German emperor's notorious telegram offers a contrast which can scarcely have escaped the attention of the select individuals who inhabit "the higher and more silent regions of statesmanship."

If the English-speaking peoples have so far lacked incentive to co-operation on a national scale, numerous incidents in many parts of the world have conclusively proved that, at a moment of emergency, the instinct which Mr. Balfour has aptly styled "race patriotism" invariably asserts itself. The guns of a British vessel of war have been served in action by Americans—themselves neutrals. At a time of mortal peril, American seamen generously cheered H. M. S. "Calloope" as she slowly gathered way in the teeth of the hurricane at Samoa, and Admiral Kimberley's simple words—"We could not have been gladder if it had been one of our own ships"¹—expressed far more than personal sentiment. After the premature bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, when the scanty landing force from the British squadron was seeking, in circumstances of much difficulty, to establish order in the town, the seamen of the U. S. S. "Lancaster" at once came to its assistance. These and many other similar incidents plainly indicate that, in mo-

ments of difficulty, Americans and Britons instinctively draw together. In this instinct there is latent force which has never been and will never be brought into being by the ephemeral efforts of expert diplomacy.

Mr. Greenwood views recent manifestations of Anglo-American "good feeling" in the light of a "mere accident." The United States, at war with Spain, were driven to contemplate the possibility of European intervention, in which Great Britain would unquestionably decline to participate. At this moment, it chanced that Great Britain also was "looking for a friend." What, therefore, was more natural than a *rapprochement*, which will disappear "as a phantom fades" if the momentary need pass away? Such seems to be the theory, which is not in full accordance with the facts. Writing three weeks before a cloud had arisen in China, I pointed out that "the question of the Far East may yet draw the two peoples together." Before these words were published,² Germany had announced her intention of occupying Kiao-Chau, and the Far-Eastern spectre at once assumed bodily form. It was then, and not at the outbreak of the present war on the 21st of April, that the idea of an important external interest shared with Great Britain first presented itself to the American people,³ with the result which I predicted. For the moment China is forgotten across the Atlantic; but the closely allied question of the future of the Philippines has sprung into prominence, and the impulse in the direction

¹ In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

² This is clearly shown by the speeches of Mr. Olney, Mr. Teller, and other leaders of American opinion. The words spoken by Mr. Olney at Harvard University on the second of February last are well worth recalling: "There is no doubt with what nations we should co-operate. England, our most formidable rival, is our most natural friend. There is such a thing as patriotism for race as well as for country. . . . Though sometimes we may have such quarrels as only relations and intimate neighbors indulge in, yet it may be said that the near future will see in our closer friendship a power for good that will be felt by all mankind."

¹ Letter to Captain H. Kane, R. N.

of an Anglo-American understanding has gathered strength.

Mr. Greenwood is impressed by the temporary and accidental nature of the recent *rapprochement*. I read the signs of the times differently. It may be altogether premature to speak of "an Anglo-American combination against Continental Europe." The fact remains that the Anglo-American peoples are at length beginning to realize that, as individual writers have frequently asserted, circumstances may easily arise which will demand their joint action. In this realization, in the bare idea that active co-operation in defence of a common cause may become imperative, there are the necessary conditions of a real and an abiding *rapprochement*. The word "alliance" may well remain unsaid till the actual need presents itself; this matters little if the idea takes root among the one hundred and twenty million people who speak the language of Shakespeare and of Milton. If the need arises, and if a common impulse stirs the Anglo-American peoples, the Atlantic cables will do the rest, and an alliance such as history does not record will suddenly spring into being.

Mr. Greenwood appears to believe that "the surest way to bring upon the United States the dictatorial intervention of Europe at this moment is to hold out the likelihood of an anti-Continental alliance between the two greatest trading nations on earth," and that American opinion is influenced by this consideration. National pusillanimity is scarcely one of the characteristics of the United States, and the suggestion that they dare not draw closer to the mother country for fear of arousing the ire of "Continental Europe" will certainly not determine their policy.

The term "Continental Europe," which Mr. Greenwood frequently employs, is vaguely impressive. In the sense in which it is used, it implies only three Powers, two of which have sought a *rapprochement*, partly at least through fear of the third. Russia has enormous Asiatic territories not yet

consolidated, and will find in the Far East an ample outlet for her energies during the next twenty years. The so-called colonies of France are failures, directly draining her resources and giving back indirect returns absurdly disproportionate. With an unexpanding population, France has no national need of colonies, and her present policy of imposing increasing burdens on the many for the moderate benefit of the few may not prove indefinitely attractive. From the partition of Greater Britain, assuming it to have been successfully accomplished, what has France to gain? Canada, South Africa and Australasia will certainly never be French possessions. Would Egypt, with one or two islands and some West African forests and swamps, repay France for the stupendous sacrifices entailed by a war in which the British Empire fought for existence? The colonial ambitions of Germany are loudly proclaimed, and Germany alone of the three Powers which make up "Continental Europe" is able to find colonists if they could be persuaded to settle under her flag. But the few colonies of Germany supply an absolutely insignificant contribution to her rapidly growing commerce. Thoroughly understanding the game of commercial competition, and steadily increasing her "industrial profits," Germany appears to have no marked inducement to lead an anti-British crusade simply because she may consider that "England has more than her share of the world's trade." Nor, seeing the far-reaching results of German enterprise, and perhaps already feeling the effects of German competition, are France and Russia likely to combine in a gigantic struggle where success would probably mean German advantage. Protection or no protection, the markets of the world must be supplied, and in the long run the balance of advantage must sway towards the nation possessing the best industrial organization.

If the three European Powers, one of which has recently arrived at an amicable understanding with us in a diffi-

cult and delicate matter, seem "reckless of exciting irritation in England," their general solidarity of interests is not strikingly apparent. It is not clear whether Mr. Greenwood considers that the menace of "Continental Europe" looms darkest over Great Britain or the United States. If, however, as some passages seem to indicate, neither Power is separately threatened, we are certainly given to understand that the bare mention of the possibility of common action by Great Britain and the United States will suffice to enhance the risks of European intervention with the object of curbing the ambitions of the latter. On this point at least Mr. Greenwood appears to be explicit. "The surer way to provoke European constraint upon America is to convince the Governments that an Anglo-Saxon coalition is probable." "A combination of the European Powers to make excuse to strike a blow while American ambition is green, and the means of gratifying it are still unripe, would be no departure from historic precedent. It is clear that such precedent is in full force," etc. Russian statesmen might find the "inducement" to intervene "very strong; and these are times when squeamishness in international conflict is a diminishing quantity." The effect of these periods is not obliterated by Mr. Greenwood's "impression," subsequently declared, that "there will be no such European intervention as America half expects." If this "impression" proves correct, or "if the United States end the war in a repentant mood, declining colonial entanglements and shaking off the temptations of the 'new national policy,'" ¹ Anglo-American relations will at once revert to the *status quo*. "The feeling of friendship," which is said to be "mostly provisional," will disappear. "All idea of the alliance will drop *instanter*," and would be abandoned by Americans "with a joyful sense of relief." On the other hand, should intervention be attempted, "more than 'good offices' and words of sympathy may be looked for"

¹ Elsewhere Mr. Greenwood absolutely rejects this hypothesis.

from this country "by the people of the United States; and thereupon, perhaps, the shock of disappointment and its bitterness." All ways, therefore, according to Mr. Greenwood, tend to render a permanent Anglo-American *rapprochement* impossible, and we are left with the miserable alternative of "feelings of friendship" dropped with "a joyful sense of relief," or "disappointment and its bitterness." Can pessimism discover darker prospects than these?

There are, however, other hypotheses to which Mr. Greenwood does not refer. It is at least open to belief that the possibilities of an Anglo-American coalition, in certain contingencies, may suffice to deter "Continental Europe" from dictating terms to the United States. The evident certainty that Great Britain would take no part in such intervention may alone determine European action. The American people may perhaps realize that the attitude of their "ancient mother" is thus an unmixed advantage at the present moment, and the fact may be remembered. Mr. Greenwood considers that we have immensely overrated the strength of the United States. "No conception of America as a giant, but a giant tethered and armed with a club, disturbed the minds of our enthusiasts." Every instructed observer was, however, perfectly aware that the United States were unprepared for war in April last, and that great difficulties would be encountered even when Spain was the only opponent. Mistakes have been made, as Americans would admit; but the national vigor already displayed, and the speed with which the resources of a non-military and purely industrial State have been rendered available for purposes of war, may well surprise even the "enthusiasts." The United States, like Great Britain in 1854, have many lessons to learn. They will take those lessons to heart and quickly apply them, as we did not. Even now their naval and military position is completely changed in less than three months, and no other Power similarly

circumstanced would have developed strength at comparable speed. "Continental Europe" would find its master in an Anglo-American coalition, and the prospect of initial successes would not compensate for the certainty of ultimate failure. I agree with Mr. Greenwood that such a coalition is not immediately probable, because the need has not yet arisen. It would necessarily be a league of defence, not of aggression, and such combinations only become realities in face of a common emergency. I disagree with his suggestion that British support would not be forthcoming if the United States were attacked by Continental Europe. Setting aside sentiment and the many ties arising from a history undivided till 1776, the national interests common to the Anglo-American peoples enormously exceed those shared by any two other nations. The total annual value of the foreign commerce of the United States is 378,276,000^{l.}, of which 178,736,000^{l.} is made up of trade with the British Empire. Of the sea-borne trade of the United States amounting to 357,256,000^{l.}, no less than 134,468,000^{l.} is interchanged with the United Kingdom. The loss of this trade would spread ruin broadcast through both countries, and would render the feeding of our home population impossible. The western farmer in the United States who sends his wheat to Chicago, where it may fall into Mr. Leiter's hands, probably fails to realize that he is dependent upon Great Britain for his market and his existence. He would instantly grasp the fact if the Atlantic trade were interrupted. If "Continental Europe" were to proclaim and enforce a blockade of the seaboard of the United States, even the unrestricted use of the Canadian ports would not suffice to prevent great difficulties and distress in this country. It is difficult to form a correct estimate of the amount of British capital invested in the United States; but the total is enormous. The fact is beyond dispute that serious in-

jury to either nation would react disastrously upon the other. The conditions which President Adams noted more than seventy years ago not only still exist, but have immensely increased in importance. The prosperity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is interdependent, and although in times of peace their vast mutual interests easily escape recognition, war would bring home the lesson with power to both. Say that sentiment and all other national ties are of no account in determining Anglo-American relations; sneer with Mr. Greenwood at the idea of the "impossibility of England standing by" and so forth; nevertheless, the most weighty material considerations in favor of mutual support remain. It is not by chance that the English-speaking peoples have recently been drawn towards each other, and all question of alliance apart, this natural *rapprochement* is of more real significance than the artificial arrangement concluded between Russia and France and consecrated amid hysterical demonstrations in the streets of Toulon and Paris.

The future jealously guards its secrets, and we can but endeavor, in much perplexity, to interpret the signs of the times. One development alone can be predicted with certainty. The isolation of the United States from the affairs of the world is no longer possible. They must and they will assume their rightful position among great nations, with the responsibilities and the difficulties entailed. Mr. Greenwood, after casting aside his "repentant" America hypothesis, comes to the sound conclusion that, "in any case, there is no likelihood of a lasting return to the old American policy." Not the brilliant writings of Captain Mahan, which have hitherto exerted far more influence in the Old than in the New World, but the inherited instincts of the race, are forcing the American people onward and outward. The signs of coming expansion could be distinctly seen in the handling of the Samoan question,² and the present war is the

¹ Figures for year ending the 30th of June, 1897.

² But for the action of the United States there

result rather than the cause of aspirations that were only latent. Race energy and race aptitudes, not blind chances, have made the United States second only to the mother country as a commercial Power. The same forces that have created the British Empire have built up the great Republic, and will irresistibly bring it into the front rank of the States of the world. On this point Captain Mahan writes to me as follows: "The extension of the influence of the United States, territorial expansion, colonies, etc., are so accepted as to be almost a commonplace of thought by papers heretofore steadily opposed thereto. The ground taken by you among the first, and by me afterwards, a mere vision six weeks ago, rapidly takes an appearance at least of solidity. Men who could only see that our Constitution provided in no way for governing colonies are now persuaded, as we were, that where there is a will the Americans can find a way."

There will, therefore, be a new factor in international politics, and the coming Great Power will be excessively tenacious of its rights while essentially peace-loving. Human freedom of the Anglo-Saxon type, which no other race has yet achieved, will receive fresh impulse which will react upon the less advanced peoples. The common interests of Great Britain and the United States will increase in magnitude and in complexity. There will be trade rivalry such as has long existed without clouding Anglo-American relations.

On the other hand, acceptance of the responsibilities of a great Power will unquestionably exercise a powerful educating and steady force upon the American people. Their self-concentration will be mitigated; a sense of proportion and perspective in public affairs, now wanting, will begin to assert itself. In the minor differences which have temporarily clouded Anglo-

is little doubt that Samoa would now be a German possession. Cuba escaped German clutches only because, in 1885, all the American representatives at the European Courts stated that their Government would firmly oppose.

American relations, the most striking feature has been the ignorance of Americans in relation to other than local concerns. Millions of people in the United States honestly believed in 1896 that they were supporting a free and enlightened Republic—that of Venezuela—against an oppressive and benighted monarchy—that of Great Britain. Political education in the highest sense would render these naïve mistakes impossible, and would lead the masses to a better understanding of the aims, the motives, the polity and the history of Great Britain.

Meanwhile, it is as unwise to minimize as to exaggerate the significance of recent events. The fact that the very first faint appearance of a real foreign question on the political horizon has caused American sentiment to turn involuntarily towards this country has a meaning which the European chancelleries seem to have perfectly comprehended. Alliance may well wait; it will never be required if only the two nations realize their immense mutual interests and become familiar with the idea that united action in the defence of the honor and the rights of both might be demanded. For "Continental Europe" is not even now a match for the combined strength of the English-speaking peoples, and a permanent *rapprochement* between them would be the best guarantee of the peace of the world.

G. S. CLARKE.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TAVERN IN THE WILDS.

Tynree is the Gaelic of a name that in the English is King's House. What humor gave so gaudy a title to so humble a place I have been always beat to know. For if the poorest of the

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chiefs of the poor isles had his choice of the gallows at once or Tynree for a long habitation, I'm thinking he would cry, "Out with your rope." Standing all its lee lone on the edge of the wild-est moor of all the Scottish kingdom, blustered on by the winds of Glencoe and Glen Etive, the house, far apart from any other (even a hunter's bothy among the corries), must be eerie, empty of all but its owner at most seasons of the year. He will have nothing about him but the flying plover that is so heart-breaking in its piping at the grey of morn: for him must the night be a dreariness no rowth of crusie or candle may mitigate. I can fancy him looking out day after day upon plains of snow and cruel summits, blanching and snarling under sodden skies, and him wishing that God so good was less careless, and had given him a home and trade back among the cosy little glens, if not in the romping towns. But they tell me—people who rove and have tried Tynree in all weathers—that often it is cheerful with song and story; and there is a tale that once upon a time a little king, out adventuring in the kingly ways of winter stories, found this tavern in the wilds so warm, so hospitable, so resounding with the songs of good fellows, that he bided as a guest for a week of the winter weather.

When I came on Tynree, it was sounding with music, just, it might be, as in the day of the king in the story. Three of the morning, yet the hostel sent out a most hearty reek and fire-light, the odors of stewing meats and of strong waters, and the sound of piping and trumping and laughing.

I stood back a piece from the house and debated with myself whether or not it was one where the tartan of Diarmald would be sure of a welcome even if his sporan jingled with gold to the very jaws. All I wanted was shelter till the day broke and—this may seem odd to any one who has not known the utter wearisomeness of being a hunted man jinking in the dark among woods and alleys—the easy conversation of some human beings

with no thought bothering them but what would be for the next meal, or the price of cattle at a town tryst. And song and trump—come, I'll tell the God's own truth upon that! They called me Sobersides in those days: M'Iver gave me the name and kept it on me till the very last, and yet sobriety of spirit (in one way) was the last quality in those old days of no grace to find in my nature. I liked to sit in taverns, drinking not deeply, but enough to keep the mood from flagging, with people of the young heart, people fond of each other, adrift from all commercial cunning, singing old staves and letting their fancy go free to a tune twanged on a Jews-trump or squeezed upon a bagpipe or zipped upon a fiddle. So the merriment of Tynree held me like a charm, and a mad whim at last seized me, and in I went, confident that my instinct of comradeship would not deceive me, and that at least I had the boon-companion's chance.

The company never even stopped their clamor to look at me; the landlord put a jug at my elbow, and a whang of bread and cheese, and I was joining with an affected gusto in a chorus less than ten minutes after I had been a hunted man on the edge of Moor Rannoch, ready to toss up a bawbee to learn whither my road should be.

It was an orra and remarkable gathering, convened surely by the trickery of a fantastic and vagabond providence—"not a great many, but well picked," as MacGregor the Mot-tled said of his band of thieves. There were men and women to the number of a score, two or three travelling merchants (as they called themselves, but I think in my mind that they were the kind of merchants who bargain with the dead corp on the abandoned battle-field, or follow expeditions of war to glean the spoil from burning homesteads); there were several gangrels, an Irishman with a silver eye, a strolling piper with poor skill of his noble instrument, the fiddler who was a drunken native of the place, a gipsy and his wife and some randy women

who had dropped out of the march of Montrose's troops. Over this notable congregation presided the man of the house—none of your fat and genial-looking gentlemen, but a long, lean personage with a lack-lustre eye. You would swear he could dampen the joy of a penny wedding, and yet (such a deceit is the countenance) he was a person of the finest wit and humor, otherwise I dare say Tynree had no such wonderful party in it that night.

I sat by the fire-end and quaffed my ale, no one saying more to me for a little than "There you are!" Well enough they knew my side in the issue—my tartan would tell them that—but wandering bodies have no politics beyond the conviction that the world owes them as easy a living as they can cheat it out of, and they never mentioned war. The landlord's dram was on, and 'twas it I had shared in, and when it was over I pulled out a crown and bought the heartiest goodwill of a score of rogues with some flagons of ale.

A beetle-browed chamber, long, narrow, stifling with the heat of a great fire, its flagged floor at intervals would slap with bare or baulched feet dancing to a short reel. First one gangrel would sing a verse or two of the Lowland ballant, not very much put out in its sentiment by the presence of the random ladies; then another would pluck a tune upon the Jew's-trump, a chorus would rise like a sudden gust of wind, a jig would shake upon the fiddle. I never saw a more happy crew, nor yet one that—judging from the doctrine that thrift and sobriety have their just reward—deserved it less. I thought of poor Master Gordon somewhere dead or alive in or about Dalness, a very pupil of Christ, and yet with a share of His sorrows, with nowhere to lay his head, but it did not bitter me to my company.

By and by the landlord came cannily up to me and whispered in my ear a sort of apology for the rabble of his house.

"You ken, sir," said he in very good English—"you ken yourself what the

country's like just now, given over to unending brawl, and I am glad to see good-humored people about me, even if they are penniless gangrels."

"My own business is war," I acknowledged; "I'll be frank enough to tell you I'm just now making my way to Inneraora as well as the weather and the MacDonalds will let me."

He was pleased at my candor, I could see; confidence is a quality that rarely fails of its purpose. He pushed the bottle towards me with the friendliest of gestures, and took the line of the fellow-conspirator.

"Keep your thumb on that," said he; "I'm not supposed to precognosce every lodger in Tynree upon his politics. I'm off Clan Chattan myself, and not very keen on this quarrel—that's to say, I'll take no side in it, for my trade is feeding folk and not fighting them. Might I be asking if you were of the band of Campbells a corps of MacDonalds were chasing down the way last night?"

I admitted I was.

"I have nothing to do with it," said he; "and I'll do a landlord's duty by any clan coming my way. As for my guests here, they're so pleased to see good order broken in the land and hamlets half-harrid that they'll favor any man whose trade is the sword, especially if he's a gentleman," he added. "I'm one myself, though I keep a sort of poor hostel here. I'm a young son."

We were joined by the gipsy, a bold, tall man with very black and lambent eyes, hiccupping with drink but not by any means drunken, who took out a wallet and insisted on my joining now in his drink. I dare not refuse the courtesy.

"Would you like your fortune spae'd, sir?" asked my black friend, twitching his thumb in the direction of his wife, who was leering on me with a friendliness begot of the bottle. The place was full of deafening noises and peat-smoke. Fiddle jigg'd and pipes snored in the deep notes of debauchery, and the little Jew's-trump twanged between the teeth of a dirty-faced man in a saffron shirt and hodden breeks, wanting jacket or hose—a wizen little old

man, going around the world living like a poet in realms whereto trump and tipple could readily bring him.

"Spae my fortune!" said I, laughing; "such swatches of the same as I had in the past were of no nature to make me eager to see what was to follow."

"Still and on," said he, "who knows but you may find a wife and a good fortune in a little lurk of the thumb? Jean! Jean! woman," he cried, across the chamber to his callet, and over she came to a very indifferent and dubious client.

I had got my hand read a score of times ere this (for I am of a nature curious and prying), and each time the reading was different, but it did not altogether shake my faith in wise women; so, half for the fun of it, I put some silver pieces in the loof of my hand and held it before the woman, the transaction unnoticed by the company. She gave the common harange to start with. At last, "There's a girl with a child," said she.

"Faith, and she never went to the well with the dish-clout, then," said the black man, using a well-known Gaelic proverb, meaning a compliment in his dirty assumption.

"She's in a place of many houses now," went on the woman, busy upon the lines of my hand, "and her mind is taken up with a man in the ranks of Argile."

"That's not reading the hand at all, goodwife," said I; "those small facts of life are never written in a line across the loof."

"Jean is no apprentice at the trade," said her man across her shoulder. "She can find a life's history in the space of a hair."

"The man found the woman and the child under a root of fir," said the woman, "and if the man is not very quick to follow her, he may find kinship's courting get the better of a far-off lover's fancy."

"Dhë!" said I; "you have your story most pat. And what now, would you say, would be the end of it all—coming to the real business of the palmist,

which, I take it, is not to give past history but to forecast fate?"

I'll not deny but I was startled by the woman's tale, for here was Betty and here was MacLachlan put before me as plainly as they were in my own mind day and night since we left Inveraora.

The woman more closely scrutinized my hand, paused a while, and seemed surprised herself at its story.

"After all," said she, "the woman is not going to marry the man she loves."

I plucked my hand away with a "Pshaw! what does it matter? If I doubled your fee you would give me the very best fortune in your wit to devise."

The Irishman with the silver eye here jostled a merchant-man, who drew his gully-knife, so that soon there was a fierce quarrel that it took all the landlord's threats and vigor of arm to put an end to. By this time I was becoming tired of my company; now that the spae-wife had planted the seed of distress in my mind, those people were tawdry, unclean, wretched. They were all in rags, foul and smelling; their music was but noise demented. I wondered at myself there in so vicious a company. And Betty—home—love—peace—how all the tribe of them suddenly took up every corner of my mind. Oh! fool, fool, I called myself, to be thinking your half-hearted wooing of the woman had left any fondness behind it. From the beginning you were second in the field, and off the field now—a soldier of a disgraced army—has the cousin not all the chances in the world? He'll be the true friend in trouble, he'll console her loneliness in a sacked burgh town; a woman's affection is so often her reward for simple kindness that he has got her long ago at no greater cost than keeping her company in her lonely hours. And you are but the dreamer, standing off trembling and flushing like a boy when you should be boldly on her cheek, because you dare not think yourself her equal. The father's was the true word: "There's one thing a woman will not abide, that her lover

should think lightly either of himself or her."

All that black stream of sorry thought went rushing through me as I sat with an empty jug in my hand in a room that was sounding like a market-place. With a start I wakened up to find the landlord making a buffoon's attempt at a dance in the middle of the floor to the tune of the Jew's-trump, a transparent trick to restore the good humor of his roysterers, and the black man who had fetched the spae-wife was standing at my side surveying me closely out at the corner of his eyes. I stood to my feet and ganted with great deliberation to pretend I had been half-sleeping. He yawned too, but with such obvious pretence that I could not but laugh at him, and he smiled knowingly back.

"Well," said he in English, "you'll allow it's a fair imitation, for I never heard that a put-on gant was smittal. I see that you are put about at my wife's fortune; she's a miracle at the business, as I said; she has some secrets of fate I would rather with her than me. But I would swear a man may sometime get the better even of fate if he has a warning of its approach."

"I can scarcely see that by the logic of Porphyrius or Peter Hispanus with the categories, two scholars I studied at Glasgow. But you are surely a queer man to be a vagabond at the petticoat-tails of a spae-wife," said I.

"I've had my chance of common life, city and town, and the company of ladies with broidery and camisole and washen faces," he answered with no hesitation, "and give me the highroad and freedom and the very brute of simplicity. I'm not of these parts. I'm not of the Highlands at all, as you may guess, though I've been in them and through them for many a day. I see you're still vexed about my woman's reading of your palm. It seems to have fitted in with some of your experience."

I confessed her knowledge of my private affairs surprised me, and his black eyes twinkled with humor.

"I'll explain the puzzle for just as much money as you gave her," said he, "and leave you more satisfied at the end than she did. And there's no black art at the bottom of my skill, either."

"Very well," said I; "here's your drink-money; now tell me the trick of it, for trick I suppose it is."

He pocketed the money after a vagabond's spit on the coin for luck, and in twenty words exposed his by-love's device. They had just come from Inveraora two or three days before, and the tale of the provost's daughter in Strongara had been the talk of the town.

"But how did your wife guess the interest of the lady in a man of Argile's army?" I asked.

"Because she spae'd the lady's fortune too," he answered, "and she had to find out in the neighborhood what it was like to be before she did so; you know that is half the art of the thing."

"Yet your woman's guess that I was the man—that's beyond me!"

"I was struck myself when she out with that," he confessed. "Oh, she's a deep one, Jean! But your manner and tongue betrayed the returned soldier of fortune; of such officers in the ranks of Argile there are not so many that it was risking too much to believe all of them knew the story of the provost's daughter, and your conduct, once she got that length, did the rest."

"And about kinship's courting?" I asked, amazed at the simplicity of the thing.

The man dashed his fee on the board and ordered more liquor.

"Drink up," said he, "and drown care if you're the man my good-wife thought you, for faith there's a little fellow from over the loch making himself very snug in the lady's company in your absence."

There was no more drinking for me; the fumes of this wretched company stank in my nostril, and I must be off to be alone with melancholy. Up I got and walked to the door with not fair-good-e'en nor fair-good-day, and I walked through the beginnings of a drab, disheartening dawn in the direc-

tion that I guessed would lead me soonest to Bredalbane. I walked with a mind painfully downcast, and it was not till I reached a little hillock a good distance from the inns at Tynree, a hillock clothed with saugh saplings and conspicuously high over the flat countryside, that I looked about me to see where I was.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOST ON THE MOOR OF RANNOCH.

I stood on the hillock clothed with its stunted saugh-trees and waited for the day that was mustering somewhere to the east, far by the frozen sea of moss and heather tuft. A sea more lonely than any ocean the most wide and distant, where no ship heaves, and no isle lifts beckoning trees above the level of the waves; a sea soundless, with no life below its lamentable surface, no little fish or proud leviathan plunging and romping and flashing from the silver roof of fretted wave dishevelled to the deep profound. The moorfowl does not cry there, the cony has no habitation. It rolled, that sea so sour, so curdled, from my feet away to mounts I knew by day stupendous and not so far, but now in the dark so hid that they were but troubled clouds upon the distant marge. There was a day surely when, lashing up on those hills around, were waters blue and stinging, and some plague-breath blew on them and they shivered and dried and cracked into this parched semblance of what they were in the old days when the galleys sailed over. No galleys now. No white birds calling eagerly in the storm. No silver bead of spray. Only in its season the cannoch tuft, and that itself but sparsely; the very blue-bell shuns a track so desolate, the sturdy gall itself finds no nourishment here.

The grey day crept above the land; I watched it from my hillock, and I shrunk in my clothing that seemed so poor a shielding in a land so chill. A cold, clammy dawn, that never cleared even as it aged, but held a hint of mist to come that should have warned me of the danger I faced in venturing on the untravelled surface of the moor, even

upon its safer verge. But it seemed so simple a thing to keep low to the left and down on Glenurchy that I thought little of the risk, if I reflected upon it at all.

Some of the stupidity of my venturing out on the surface of Rannoch that day must have been due to my bodily state. I was not all there, as the saying goes. I was suffering, mind and body, from the strain of my adventures, and most of all from the stormy thrashings of the few days before—the long journey, the want of reasonable sleep and food. There had come over all my spirit a kind of dwam, so that at times my head seemed as if it were stuffed with wool; what mattered was of no account, even if it were a tinker's death in the sheuch. No words will describe the feeling except to such as themselves have known it; it is the condition of the man dead with care and weariness so far as the body is concerned, and his spirit, sorry to part company, goes lugging his flesh about the highways.

I was well out on Rannoch before the day was full awake on the country, walking at great trouble upon the coarse, barren soil, among rotten bog-grass, lichenized stones, and fir-roots that thrust from the black, peat-like skeletons of antiquity. And then I came on a cluster of lochs—grey, cold, vagrant lochs—still to some degree in the thrall of frost. Here's one who has ever a fancy for such lochans, that are lost and sobbing, sobbing, even-on among the hills, where the reeds and the rushes hiss in the wind, and the fowls with sheeny feather make night and day cheery with their call. But not those lochs of Rannoch, those black basins crumbling at the edge of a rotten soil. I skirted them as far off as I could, as though they were the lochans of a nightmare that drag the traveller to their kelpie tenants' arms. There were no birds among those rushes; I think the very deer that roamed in the streets of Inneraora in the November's blast would have run far clear of so stricken a territory. It must be horrible in snow, it must be

lamentable in the hottest days of summer, when the sun rides over the land, for what does the most kindly season bring to this forsaken place except a scorching for the fugitive wild-flower, if such there be?

These were not my thoughts as I walked on my way; they are what lie in my mind of the feelings the Moor of Rannoch will rouse in every stranger. What was in my mind most when I was not altogether in the swoond of wearied flesh was the spae-wife's story of the girl in Innaraora, and a jealousy so strong that I wondered where, in all my exhausted frame, the passion for it came from. I forgot my friends left in Dalness, I forgot that my compact and prudence itself called for my hurrying the quickest way I could to the Brig of Urchy; I walked in an indifference until I saw a wan haze spread fast over the country in the direction of the lower hills that edged the desert. I looked with a careless eye on it at first, not reflecting what it might mean or how much it might lead to. It spread with exceeding quickness, a grey, silver smoke rolling out on every hand, as if puffed continually from some glen in the hills. I looked behind me, and saw that the same was happening all around. Unless I made speed out of this sorrowful place I was caught in the mist. Then I came to the full understanding that trouble was to face. I tightened the thongs of my shoes, pinched up a hole in my waist-belt, scrugged my bonnet, and set out at a deer-stalker's run across the moor. I splashed in hags and stumbled among roots; I made wild leaps across poisonous-looking holes stewing to the brim with colored water; I made long detours to find the most fordable part of a stream that twisted back and forth, a very devil's cantrip, upon my way. Then a smirr of rain came at my back and chilled me to the marrow, though the sweat of travail a moment before had been on every part of me, and even dripping in beads from my chin. At length I lifted my eyes from the ground that I had to scan most carefully in my running, and be-

hold! I was swathed in a dense mist that cut off every view of the world within ten yards of where I stood. This cruel experience dashed me more than any other misadventure in all my wanderings, for it cut me off, without any hope of speedy betterment, from the others of our broken band. They might be all at Urchy Bridge by now, on the very selvedge of freedom, but I was couped by the heels more disastrously than ever. Down I sat on a tuft of moss, and I felt cast upon the dust by a most cruel providence.

How long I sat there I cannot tell; it may have been a full hour or more, it may have been but a pause of some minutes, for I was in a stupor of bitter disappointment. And when I rose again I was the sport of chance, for whether my way lay before me or lay behind me, or to left or right, was altogether beyond my decision. It was well on in the day; high above this stagnant plain among tall bens there must be shining a friendly and constant sun; but Elrigmore, gentleman and sometime cavalier of Mackay's Scots, was in the very gullet of night for all he could see around him. It was folly, I knew; but on somewhere I must be going, so I took to where my nose led, picking my way with new caution among the bogs and boulders. The neighborhood of the lochs was a sort of guidance in some degree, for their immediate presence gave to a nostril sharpened by life in the wild a moist and peaty odor fresh from the corroding banks. I sought them and I found them, and finding them I found a danger even greater than my loss in that desolate plain. For in the grey smoke of mist those treacherous pools crept noiselessly to my feet, and once I had almost walked blindly into an ice-clear, turgid little lake. My foot sank in the mire of it almost up to the knees ere I jumped to the nature of my neighborhood, and with an effort little short of miraculous in the state of my body, threw myself back on the safe bank, clear of the death-trap. And again I sat on a hillock and surrendered to the most doleful meditations. Noon

came and went, the rain passed and came again, and passed once more, and still I was guessing my way about the lochs, making no headway from their neighborhood, and, to tell the truth, a little glad of the same, for they were all I knew of the landscape in Moor Rannoch, and something of friendship was in their treacherous presence, and to know they were still beside me, though it said little for my progress to Glenurchy, was an assurance that I was not making my position worse by going in the wrong airt.

All about me, when the rain was gone for the last time, there was a cry of weeping and wailing waters, the voices of the burns running into the lochans, tinkling, tinkling, tinkling merrily, and all out of key with a poor wretch in draggled tartans, fleeing he knew not whither, but going about in shortened circles like a hedgehog in the sea.

The mist made no sign of lifting all this time, but shrouded the country as if it were come to stay forever, and I was doomed to remain till the end, guessing my way to death in a silver-grey reek. I strained my ears, and far off to the right I heard the sound of cattle bellowing, the snorting low of a stirk upon the hillside when he wonders at the lost pastures of his calf-hood in the merry summer before. So out I set in that direction, and more bellowing arose, and by and by, out of the mist but still far off, came a long, low wail that baffled me. It was like no sound nature ever conferred on the Highlands, to my mind, unless the rare call of the Benderloch wolf in rigorous weather. I stopped and listened, with my inner head cracking to the strain, and as I was thus standing in wonder, a great form leaped out at me from the mist, and almost ran over me ere it lessened to the semblance of a man, and I had John M'Iver of Barbreck, a heated and hurried gentleman of arms, in my presence.

He drew up with a shock, put his hand to his vest, and I could see him cross himself under the jacket.

"Not a bit of it," I cried; "no wraith

nor warlock this time, friend, but flesh and blood. Yet I'm bound to say I have never been nearer ghostdom than now; a day of this moor would mean death to me."

He shook me hurriedly and warmly by the hand, and stared in my face, and stammered, and put an arm about my waist as if I were a girl, and turned me about and led me to a little tree that lifted its barren branches above the moor. He was in such a confusion and hurry that I knew something troubled him, so I left him to choose his own time for explanation. When we got to the tree, he showed me his black knife—an extra long and deadly weapon—laid along his waist, and "Out dirk," said he; "there's a dog or two of Italy on my track here." His mind, by the stress of his words, was like a hurricane.

Now I knew something of the Black Dogs of Italy, as they were called, the abominable hounds that were kept by the Camerons and others mainly for the hunting down of the Gregarich.

"Were they close on you?" I asked, as we prepared to meet them.

"Don't you hear them bay?" said he. "There was three on my track: I struck one through the throat with my knife and ran, for two Italian hounds to one knife is a poor bargain. Between us we should get rid of them before the owners they lag for come up on their tails."

"You should thank God who got you out of a trouble so deep," I said, astounded at the miracle of his escape so far.

"Oh ay," said he; "and indeed I was pretty clever myself, or it was all bye with me when one of the black fellows set his fangs in my hose. Here are his partners; short work with it, on the neck or low at the belly with an up cut, and ward your throat."

The two dogs ran with ferocious growls at us as we stood by the little tree, their faces gaping and their quarters streaked with foam. Strong, cruel brutes, they did not swither a moment, but both leaped at M'Iver's throat. With one swift slash of the

knife, my companion almost cut the head off the body of the first, and I reckoned with the second. They rolled at our feet, and a silence fell on the country. Up M'Iver put his shoulders, lighted his blade on a tuft of bog-grass, and whistled a stave of the tune they call "The Desperate Battle."

"If I had not my lucky penny with me I would wonder at this meeting," said he at last, eyeing me with a look of real content that he should so soon have fallen into my company at a time when a meeting was so unlikely. "It has failed me once or twice on occasions far less important; but that was perhaps because of my own fumbling, and I forgive it all because it brought two brave lads together like barks of one port on the ocean. 'Up or down?' I tossed when it came to putting fast heels below me, and 'up' won it, and here's the one man in all broad Albainn I would be seeking for, drops out of the mist at the very feet of me. Oh, I'm the most wonderful fellow ever stepped heather, and I could be making a song on myself there and then if occasion allowed. Some people have genius, and that, I'm telling you, is well enough so far as it goes; but I have luck too, and I'm not so sure but luck is a hantle sight better than genius. I'm guessing you have lost your way in the mist now?"

He looked quizzically at me, and I was almost ashamed to admit that I had been in a maze for the greater part of the morning.

"And no skill for getting out of it?" he asked.

"No more than you had in getting into it," I confessed.

"My good scholar," said he, "I could walk you out into a drove-road in the time you would be picking the bog from your feet. I'm not making any brag of an art that's so common among old hunters as the snaring of conies; but give me a bush or a tree here and there in a flat land like this, and an herb here and there at my feet, and while winds from the north blow snell, I'll pick my way by them. It's my notion that they learn one many things at col-

leges that are no great value in the real trials of life. You, I make no doubt, would be kenning the name of an herb in the Latin, and I have but the Gaelic for it, and that's good enough for me; but I ken the use of it as a traveller's friend whenever rains are smirring and mists are blowing."

"I dare say there's much in what you state," I confessed, honestly enough; "I wish I could change some of my schooling for the art of winning off Moor Rannoch."

He changed his humor in a flash. "Man," said he, "I'm maybe giving myself overmuch credit at woodcraft; it's so seldom I put it to the trial that if we get clear of the moor before night it'll be as much to your credit as to mine."

As it happened, his vanity about his gift got but a brief gratification, for he had not led me by his signs more than a mile on the way to the south than we came again to a cluster of lochans, and among them a large fellow called Loch Ba, where the mist was lifting quickly. Through the cleared air we travelled at a good speed, off the moor, among Bredalbane braes, and fast though we went it was a weary march, but at last we reached Loch Tulla, and from there to the bridge of Urchy was no more than a meridian daunder.

The very air seemed to change to a kinder feeling in this, the frontier of the home-land. A scent of wet birk was in the wind. The river, hurrying through grassy levels, glucked and clattered and plopped most gayly, and bubble chased bubble as if all were in a haste to reach Lochow of the bosky isles and holy. Oh! but it was heartsome, and as we rested ourselves a little on the banks, we were full of content to think that we were now in a friendly country, and it was a fair pleasure to think that the dead leaves and broken branches we threw in the stream would be dancing in all likelihood round the isle of Innishael by nightfall.

We ate our chack with exceeding content, and waited for a time on the chance that some of our severed company from Dalness would appear,

though M'Iver's instruction as to the rendezvous had been given on the prospect that they would reach the Brig earlier in the day. But after an hour or two of waiting there was no sign of them, and there was nothing for us but to assume that they had reached the Brig by noon as agreed on and passed on their way down the glen. A signal held together by two stones on the glen-side of the Brig indeed confirmed this notion almost as soon as we formed it, and we were annoyed that we had not observed it sooner. Three sprigs of gall, a leaf of ivy from the bridge arch where it grew in dark green sprays of glossy sheen, and a bare twig of oak standing up at a slant, were held down on a parapet by a peeled willow withy, one end of which pointed in the direction of the glen.

It was M'Iver who came on the symbols first, and "We're a day behind the fair," said he. "Our friends are all safe and on their way before us; look at that."

I confessed I was no hand at puzzles. "Man," he said, "there's a whole history in it! Three sprigs of gall mean three Campbells, do they not? and that's the baron-baille and Sonachan, and this one with the leaves off the half-side is the fellow with the want. And oak is Stewart—a very cunning clan to be fighting or fraying or travelling with, for this signal is Stewart's work or I'm a fool: the others had not the gumption for it. And what's the ivy but Clan Gordon, and the peeled withy but hurry, and—surely that will be doing for the reading of a very simple tale. Let us be taking our ways. I have a great admiration for Stewart that he managed to do so well with this thing, but I could have bettered that sign if it were mine by a chapter or two more."

"It contains a wonderful deal of matter for the look of it," I confessed.

"And yet," said he, "it leaves out two points I consider of the greatest importance. Where's the Dark Dame, and when did our friends pass this way? A few chucky-stones would

have left the hour plain to our view, and there's no word of the old lady."

I thought for a second, then, "I can read a bit further myself," said I; "for there's no hint here of the Dark Dame because she was not here. They left the *suaicheantas* just of as many as escaped from—"

"And so they did! Where are my wits to miss a tale so plain?" said he. "She'll be in Dalness yet, perhaps better off than scouring the wilds, for after all even the MacDonalds are human, and a half-wit widow woman would be sure of their clemency. It was very clever of you to think of that now."

I looked again at the oak-stem, still sticking up at the slant. "It might as well have lain flat under the peeled wand like the others," I thought, and then the reason for its position flashed on me. It was with just a touch of vanity I said to my friend, "A little colleging may be of some use at woodcraft too, if it sharpens Elrigmore's wits enough to read the signs that Barbreck's eagle eye can find nothing in. I could tell the very hour our friends left here."

"Not on their own marks," he replied sharply, casting his eyes very quickly again on twig and leaf.

"On nothing else," said I.

He looked again, flushed with vexation, and cried himself beat to make more of it than he had done.

"What's the oak branch put so far, with its point to the sky if—?"

"I have you now!" he cried; "it's to show the situation of the sun when they left the rendezvous. Three o'clock, and no mist with them; good lad, good lad! Well, we must be going. And now that we're on the safe side of Argile there's only one thing vexing me, that we might have been here and all together half a day ago if you whelp of a whey-faced MacDonald in the bed had been less of the fox."

"Indeed and he might have been," said I, as we pursued our way. "A common feeling of gratitude for the silver—"

"Gratitude!" cried John, "say no more; you have fathomed the cause of

his bitterness at the first trial. If I had been a boy in a bed myself, and some reckless soldiery of a foreign clan, out of a Sassenach notion of decency, insulted my mother and my home with a covert gift of coin to pay for a night's lodging, I would throw it in their faces and follow it up with stones."

Refreshed by our rest and heartened by our meal, we took to the drove-road almost with lightness, and walked through the evening till the moon, the same that gleamed on Loch Lhinne and Lochiel, and lighted Argile to the doom of his reputation for the time being, swept a path of gold upon Lochow, still hampered with broken ice. The air was still, there was no snow, and at Corryghoil, the first house of any dignity we came to, we went up and stayed with the tenant till the morning. And there we learned that the minister and the three Campbells and Stewart, the last with a bullet in his shoulder, had passed through early in the afternoon on their way to Cladich.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From *The Quarterly Review.*
POEMS OF THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.¹

What is it we expect from poetry? Above all things, we expect to be kindled; the true poet bears in him a spark of fire; we receive it by sympathy, and our own emotions are set afire by it. But the methods of the poet vary, and are divided into two main branches. Epic poetry and dramatic poetry kindle us through the vivid presentation of man as he acts among his fellows for noble ends; lyric poetry concentrates itself on the hour and scene at which emotion is highest, and by its cadences calls up that which in our own hearts is likest to the culminating passion.

1. *Fo'e'sle Yarns:* including *Betsy Lee*, and other Poems. London, 1881.

2. *The Doctor, and other Poems.* By T. E. Brown, M. A., late Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1887.

3. *The Manx Witch, and other Poems.* By the same. London and New York, 1889.

4. *Old John, and other Poems.* By the same. London and New York, 1893.

Lyric poetry has been the glory of the present century in England. Some have said (and Tennyson, we believe, is among those who have said it) that Goethe was the greatest lyric poet that ever lived. We do not demur; but it is hard to set anything even in Goethe above some of our English lyrics; and not to make such an assertion without examples, let us instance, in Tennyson himself, the "O that 'twere possible" of "Maud," and in Shelley, the closing stanza of the "Adonais."

So pervading has the lyrical spirit been, that the true narrative poem, in which the interest lies rather in the total action than in special moments of concentrated feeling, has become rather a rarity in the present century. Still, there are notable instances of it; such as Wordsworth's "Michael" and "The Brothers;" the story of Haidée in Byron's "Don Juan;" and of course Scott's "Marmion," and its kindred; Crabbe's rough but strong pictures of common life, and Clough's more delicate delineations. As contrasted with these, such poems as "The Ancient Mariner" and the "Idylls of the King" must be reckoned as emblematic rather than truly narrative; the spirit of them is different, and much more akin to the lyrical.

The poems of the Rev. T. E. Brown, the titles of which are prefixed to the present article, belong for the most part to the class of true narrative poems. That is, three-fourths of them belong to this class; lyrics there are among them, and some of no slight beauty; but story is the predominant element.

It is at some hazard, and not without a feeling of temerity, that a critic can adventure the opinion that poems which have not yet attained a high degree of popularity belong to that class which posterity will not let die. And if the question were one of comparative excellence, caution would be still more desirable. But there are certain marks which (apart from all comparison) characterize poetry that will last; above all, this mark, that the thing said or sung shall not have been said

or sung before, and shall be also interesting—that it shall touch the heart. We think that this mark of permanence belongs to Mr. Brown's poetry; he depicts for us a region that has never been depicted before; he shows us men and women different from any men or women that poet or novelist has hitherto shown—but men and women real, full of life, natural in spite of many peculiarities and oddities, strong in spite of many weaknesses. Such pictures of life are worth preserving; and the poet himself, in his personal feeling, has also phases that have never before been rendered in verse; sudden turns, opening out in a few words unexpected vistas. Individuality stamps the lyrics in these volumes as well as the narrative poems; and this (provided it be a worthy individuality) is the surest guarantee of permanence.

Before illustrating what we have said by quotations or detailed comments, a few words about the writer who is the subject of our article will be in place. T. E. Brown, born in 1830, was the son of a Manx clergyman, educated first in his native island, afterwards at Oxford, where he obtained two first-classes and a fellowship. He took orders, but never was engaged in parochial work; he spent the greater part of his life as an assistant master at Clifton College; from this he retired in 1892, and his home for the next five years was at Ramsey. In 1895 he was offered, but declined, the Archdeaconry of the Isle of Man. He died on October 29, 1897, quite suddenly, while in the act of giving an address to the boys at Clifton College, where he was on a visit.

The mere externals of such a life do not present anything extraordinary. But Mr. Brown's sudden death created an unusual degree of sorrow, an unusual sense of loss, in the many who (whether as friend, colleague or pupil) had known him; and whatever may have been his successes as a schoolmaster (and these we believe were not small), it is certain that all who came in contact with him were impressed with the power of his mind and the

strength of his affections. His poems bear witness to the same qualities; and since his death there has been expressed in various quarters (notably the *Spectator*, the *Speaker* and the *New Review* of last December) the opinion that what he wrote has more than common merit.

We have spoken of the strength of his affections; and these, above all, were concentrated on the island in which he spent all the early, as well as the closing, years of his life. He was a Manxman to the core; and the humorous and fervid temperament of his own people, their varied occupations—seafaring, sea-fishing, farming, mining—their curious knowledge and quaint ignorance, became part of the tissue of his mind, unaltered by any wider experience. Yet wider experience he had; for not only had he (like Ulysses) "seen the cities and known the mind of many men," but also the deepest problems of human life and destiny engaged his thoughts much, and he formed his conclusions fearlessly. In all such matters he scorned merely intellectual investigation; he put heart and soul into the enquiry, and provided he were confident that his insight was just, was little careful as to the reasoning by which it might be proved. But we must hasten to give some account of his works.

"Betsy Lee," the first published of his poems, has also been the most popular. Perhaps, as a whole, it is the most poetical of the narrative poems. There is plenty of humor in it too; our favorite passage in this line is the little conversation between Tom Baynes and his sweetheart, after Tom has disconcerted and driven away his rival, by turning the teat of the cow he was milking so as to drench the fine new waistcoat of that worthy.

"Aw, Tom!" says Betsy; "Aw, Betsy." says I;
"Whatever!" says she, and she begun to cry.
"Well," I says, "it's no wonder o' me,
With your ransy-tansy-tissimitee——"

that is, we suppose, "with your chat-

tering" (but ransy-tansy-tissimitee is the burden of a child's song). Betsy, it will be understood, has been "carrying on" with the rival to a degree that Tom found unbearable. The word "Whatever!" suggests a wonderful combination of dismay, anger and amusement.

A roughness in the scansion of the second of the above lines will be noticed; this is a common feature in Mr. Brown's poems, and is meant to represent (and does not unnaturally represent) the careless, rapid speech of the supposed narrator, who is a rough but tender-hearted seaman.

Tom Baynes is both hero and narrator in "Betsy Lee;" in the other poems he is the narrator of, and an occasional actor in, the story. With all his roughness of style, he has a refined soul. We should be sorry to say that the sentiments of the following passage are impossible in a common sailor who is also a religious-minded man; and the Celtic fire in the Manxman may predispose to artistic appreciation. Tom is supposed in his voyages to have visited Italy, and to have seen the Madonnas of Raphael or of Perugino. Here is his account of them:—

Whoever made the likes o' them—
Their feet was in Jerusalem;
Whoever thought that a woman could
look
Like that—he knew the Holy Book;
He knew the mind of God; he knew
What a woman could be, and he drew
and he drew
Till he got the touch; and I'm a fool
That was almost walloped out o' the
school,
I was that stupid, but I'll tell ye! I've
got
A soul in my inside, whether or not,
And I know the way the chap was feelin'
When he made them piethers—he must
ha' been kneelin'
All the time, I think, and prayin'
To God for to help him; and it's likely
sayin'
He was paintin' the queen—they calls
her the queen
Of Heaven, but of coorse she couldn ha'
been—
But that's the sort—a woman lifted

To Heaven, with a breast like snow
that's sifted,
And a eye that's fixed on God hisself—
Now where's your wivin' and thrivin'
and peif?
And sweethearts, and widdies well
stocked with the rhino?
Ah! that's the thing likest God that I
know.
—("Fo'e'sle Yarns," pp. 113, 114.)

These lines are from the poem entitled "Christmas Rose;" a weird tragedy. Christmas Rose is a girl, who as an infant was saved out of a shipwreck by a faithful negro, who dies in saving her. As she is the only survivor, her parentage is wholly unknown; her nationality is conjectured, but only conjectured, to be Spanish. Brought thus mysteriously into the midst of a race alien to her, she perishes equally mysteriously by lightning on the hills—a lightning which she seems to have sought. In the interval between her birth and death she causes the death of one brave boy, and the ruin of another—both falling hopelessly in love with her, a love to which she cannot respond. Though the cause of such suffering, she yet escapes deep blame. Perhaps it is her death which absolves her in the reader's mind; what she suffers is the necessary counterpart of what she has done. Anyhow, it will be seen that such a poem gives plenty of scope for discussion on the character of women; and the passage we have just quoted on the Italian Madonnas comes in the course of this. But the character of Christmas Rose herself is shadowed out in the following lines:—

There's ones comes into the world like
that,
Even among their own people—what?
Haven't ye seen them? Lonely things—
They haven't got crowns and they
haven't got wings—
They're not angels azackly,¹ nor divils
ether.²
And us and them will grow up together:
But their roots isn't twisted someway with
ours;

¹ Exactly.

² Either.

And the flowers that's at them¹ is other flowers;
 And they're waitin' I'm thinkin' to be transplanted
 To the place where the lek o' them is wanted;
 And our love isn' their love, and they cannot take it;
 Nor our thirst their thirst, so we cannot slake it;
 There's no food in us for them to feed on,
 There's nothing in us that they got need on;
 So there they are, with kith and kin,
 Sittin' in the middle, and wondherin'.
 And *love* and *heart*—why, how should it be?
 There's no heart made in them yet, d'ye see?

—("Fo'e'sle Yarns," p. 117.)

In the story called "Captain John and Captain Hugh," the passionate Manx character is described with great vigor. But we must leave the reader to find out the story of the two captains by himself; and similarly we must leave the story of Tommy Big-Eyes, except so far as to say that the death of Mrs. Cain in this story is, to our thinking, a piece of needless tragedy. It is rather a shock to the reader that she dies as she does; and Cain's character is also painful in its brutality. He is the only unredeemed villain in all these poems. We must quote, however, the pretty lyric in which the hero of the piece records the fact that his sweetheart has kisasd him (it will be seen that, being very shy, he has turned his face away from her, so that there has been no meeting of lips):—

Star of hope, star of love,
 Did you see it from Heaven above?
 Love was sleeping, hope was fled—
 Did you see what Nelly did?
 I know it was only the back of my head—
 But did you, did you, did you, did you,
 Did you see what Nelly did?
 You're my witness, star of joy!
 Was it a girl that kissed a boy?
 Was it a boy that kissed a girl?
 Oh, happy worl'!

I don't know!
 Let it go!

¹ Which they have.

I thought I'd have died, and nobody missed me,
 But Nelly has kissed me! Nelly has kissed me!

Come down! come down!
 Put on your brightest crown!
 Slip in with me among the clover.
 Now tell me all about it—I'm her lover!
 Did you see it? Are you sure?
 Is she lovely? Is she pure?
 Smell these buds! Is that her breath?
 Will I love her until death?
 Ah, little star! I see you smiling there
 Upon heaven's lowest stair!
 I know, I know
 It's time to go;
 But I'm only waiting till you have blessed me,
 For Nelly has kissed me! Nelly has kissed me!

"The Doctor" is, though not the most poetical, the most racy and characteristic of all these stories. It is a tender tragedy, with a lifting of light at the end of it, like a glow of sunset after a stormy day. Let us recount the thread of it. "The Doctor" is Doctor Bell, who starts life as assistant to a popular London physician. His skill at his art is graphically described by the admiring Tom Baynes:—

Didn' he take a man's inside out,
 And claned it and turned it round about
 And in like a shot, and livin' still
 As comfible as comfible!

With a great deal else to the same effect. His medical skill, aided by zeal and by a singularly genial manner, enables him to take the wind out of the sails of his superior; so far, at any rate, as a certain wealthy baronet, called in the poem "Sir John," is concerned. In the house of Sir John, Doctor Bell becomes a frequent visitor; and at last falls in love with Sir John's daughter, who returns his passion. Of this development Sir John knows nothing, and the lovers dare not tell him; they live in the vague hope that something will turn up to favor them. This state of expectation, irrational but natural, is very happily described:—

Some way, some day. The world is wide,
 And driftin', driftin' with the tide.

And driftin' is very pleasant, too,
When the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
And you've got the littlest taste of a
breeze,
Just enough to make a baby sneeze;
And your head on your arms, and your
feet on a taff,¹
And nothing drawin', fore or aft—
Chut! as happy as Nicodemus.
And knowin' you're out of the track of
the steamers;
And maybe a bee comin' bummin' by,
As if he was in the notion to fly
Far, far, away, where there's brighter
flowers
And sweeter honey, he's thinkin', than
ours—
Or a bit o' thistlewool comin' slippin'
Head over heels; or oars a dippin'
Out on the Trunk,² and all the nisin'³
O' the land going into one, surprisin'—
Dogs and cows, lek a sort of confusick,⁴
Making a wonderful mixthur o' musick;
And the very land itself'll go
Like an urgan⁵ playin', soft and low!
—("The Doctor," pp. 51, 52.)

But this cannot last; for, as Tom
Baynes goes on to say,

The man would be clever
That'd go on driftin' and driftin' forever.
No! it must come to an end at last,
And it doesn't matter the slow or the fast.

It does come to an end, and disastrously for the lovers. For what must these two misguided young people do but take the occasion of a grand ball at Sir John's to sit in the conservatory, all among the flowers and leaves in the subdued and faint light, thinking they were unobserved, and make love to one another? And who should come and spy on them but the very man who had least occasion to like Doctor Bell, the "dandy Docthor" whom he had ousted from Sir John's good graces? And what must he do but go and rouse Sir John from his whilst, and take him to see the pair as they are in the act of kissing? Then, of course, the fat is in the fire. Tremendous is the fury of

Sir John; swift the flight of the daughter; not so swift, however, but she darts a look of scorn and indignation at the "dandy Docthor," who has tried to hide himself behind a door, that he may not be known as the author of the catastrophe:—

And he bowed very low, the sliddherin'
snake—
A dirty devil, and no mistake!

Taken at such disadvantage, Doctor Bell is yet not quite unequal to the occasion; and when Sir John applies a disrespectful word to the lady of his love, he assumes so menacing an air that Sir John starts back in fear, and in so doing upsets a valuable statue:—

And broke; and may be a hundred pound!
says the narrator, in his terse manner. Then Doctor Bell goes; with dignity, and not without sympathy from some of the spectators of the scene; but his happiness is ruined, in this life, forever. His efforts afterwards to see Sir John privately are vain. In a few days he learns that "Miss Harriet" has been sent to the Continent; he goes abroad, and long and desperately does he seek for her. But whatever clue he has proves vain; he comes back to London, falls ill, and is nearly dying; but is restored mainly through the devoted care of a medical friend. Then, to escape from the memory of his sorrows, he retires to the Isle of Man.

Here the Manx part of the story begins. A new life has opened before the hero, and one in which he does in part comport himself with honor to himself and advantage to his fellow-men; in part, but not altogether so. He has not, and perhaps has not had from the first, the absolute sense of the necessity of rectitude which alone can bear a man over all dangers. In prosperity, the defect might have passed unnoticed; in adversity, it is like the fraying of a garment exposed to much wear, which speedily tends to the ruin of the whole. He has no intention at first of settling in the island; he has taken up his abode in a lonely farm-

¹ Thwart.

² A famous fishing ground.

³ Noise.

⁴ Confusion.

⁵ Organ.

house, half an inn; wanders over hill and vale; goes out fishing, or plays the flute; displeases his landlady by *not* drinking, but makes up for this by a hundred little useful pieces of service; and, we are humorously told, was—

That aisy plaised that Misthress Kelly
Was used to say the man was raelly
As good as if he was drinkin' hard,
And terrible useful in the yard.

What eventually determines him to make the island his home is the advent of a cholera epidemic, in which he behaves heroically and skilfully, and is rewarded in more than one way by the grateful people. But he commits the weakness of marrying a woman unworthy of him, who has appealed to his lower sensibilities. From that moment his decay begins. The marriage is an unhappy one; the two elder children born to him are wild and wicked, though for a long time clever enough to conceal their misdoings from him (as he is necessarily much away from his home); and at last a letter from his old love stirs up the jealousy of his wife, and puts an unhealable breach between her and him. Nay, so desperately is the wife's spirit turned to bitterness, that she refuses any longer to give suck to the infant daughter that was at her breast when the fatal letter came, and hates her from that time forward. Up to this point, Doctor Bell has conducted himself, if not wisely, yet with no open fault; but now, overcome by his domestic misery, he takes refuge from his thoughts in drink.

Yet, at this lowest point of the tragedy, a gleam of light begins to shine. The infant just spoken of, Katie, grows into girlhood, and is a star of life, even as the two elder children had been storm petrels of trouble and affliction. Much has she to endure from mother, sister and brother, all of whom regard her as fair prey for their mischievous and unkind instincts. This is partly intimated in the following passage (in which the final touch of natural history is worth noting):—

Aw, dear, the little lonely thing—
Just like a bird with a broken wing;

And the lookin' up, and the little eye,
Lek axin' the for¹ it cannot fly,
And devil the one of the rest'll stay with
it—

The dirty things—that used to play with
it.

Fowls is very bad at that;
I don't know about gulls, but leckly not,
That's a dale more innocent altogether,
Bein' strong, and free, and used of the
weather.

—("The Doctor, and other Poems," p. 146.)

But Katie, however tormented, has a spirit which draws from all the sights of Nature the beauty that is in them, from the lips of men the sympathetic imaginations that interpret life. For instance, she makes the acquaintance of Tom Baynes:—

And Miss Kitty'd often be coming to me,
In the stable, and puttin' her head on my
knee.
Like a little lamb, and I'd coax her there
The best I could, and sthrough the hair,
And comfort her lek, and her goin' sob-
bin'
And shiv'rin', and the little heart throb-
bin'
Against my leg. And I'd be tellin' her
tales
I was makin' about little boys and gels—
Just some little bit of a story—
Quite simple—how they were took to
glory
Urrov' all the trouble; or about the sea,
And the fishes—just comfortin' her that
way;
And the lovely flowers that was growin'
down
The deep no line could ever sound;
And the mermaids, and the way they
were singin';
And the little bells going ding-a-lingin'
On the Flakes.² And then she'd lift the
head,
And the wond'rin' baby eyes all spread
Like primroses when the air is sunny
And draws them out. Aw, it's then the
bonny
She looked, and forgettin' all the sorrar.
And then I'd be making cat's cradles for
her,

¹ The reason why.

² Out of.

² Patches of sand among rocks under water.

Or the like of that. And she'd play as nice,
And laugh; and tamin' little mice.
Aw, she could do well with the lek o' that,
And terrible watchful of the cat!
Or she'd take my hand, and away she'd trot
To a little meadow the doctor'd got
On the river; and the questions she'd ax—
Astonishin'!—Aw, fit to perplex
The Pazon; and gath'rin' yalla lilies,
And these little kittlins that's growin' on the sallies,
Like velvet that smooth—Aw, you couldn't tell
The putty,² and liftin' for me to smell.
—("The Doctor, and other Poems," pp. 178, 179.)

A pretty picture of innocent childhood! As Katie has begun, so she continues; and at last, though not for a long time, she succeeds in rousing her father out of his intemperance, out of his intercourse with pot-house companions, who admire him for his wit and ready skill, but are drowning the finer elements in him. Katie, indeed, can do nothing until the death of the doctor's unhappy, narrow-minded, jealous wife. That is a terrible shock, which stirs him to the bottom of his heart; and the blow is followed by another—the two elder children, Willy and Mary, fall into open disgrace and are cast out of the island. We wish we had room to quote the affecting scene in which Mary, the less hardened of these two sinners, is moved to repentance, real, however uncertain in the issue, by the good "Pazon" (Parson) Gale. But we must hasten to the denouement of the story. One day a yacht comes into the bay, and a boat from it is sent on shore to enquire for a doctor. Doctor Bell is at hand, and is rowed out (Tom Baynes, the narrator, being one of the party).

The sun was setting when we fetched,
And there was a lady lyin' stretched
On a bed on the deck, for she wouldn't stay

Below as long as it was day.

² Pretty.

So that's the raison they satisfied her.
And the son and the husband standin' beside her,
And the awnin' furled, and the last bit of light
Shinin' full on her face. Aw, the white! the white!
And, "Here's the docthor!" and makin' room,
And the young man leaned his head on the boom;
But the old man took the docthor's hand,
And led him to her, you understand—
And when she seen him she gave a cry,
And, "Oh, you're come to see me die!
Oh, Edward! oh—perhaps it's as well—
Oh, Edward Bell! oh, Edward Bell!"
And he fell on his knees, and he bowed his head,
"Harriet! Harriet!" he said;
But the Lady Harriet was dead.

The "old man," otherwise Lord Brockley, husband of "the Lady Harriet," had heard the whole story of Edward Bell from Harriet's lips before he married her—so painful surprise to him there is none in the discovery; and, with the frank generosity of an honorable man, he makes Doctor Bell at once a friend. But the young man had known nothing of his mother's history—to him it is a surprise; and it sinks deep into his heart. In the end he marries Katie; and thus it is that the younger generation reap that love which in their elders had failed of its fruit. In the presence of his daughter's abiding affection, the doctor's weaknesses and temptations pass away; while his sorrows sink behind him in the secret places of memory, where they cannot affect his strength.

We have dwelt at length upon this story, because, for the unity and consistency of the plot, the sharpness and clearness of the character-drawing, and the sanity of the moral tone, it seems to us to stand very high indeed among the poems of the century. That it is a faultless poem, we are not saying; there are some trivialities in the mode of narration, which rather distract the reader—some roughness in the style. A careless reader may perhaps be stopped by these. But the

careless reader ought not to have it all his own way in the world; and we are sure that any one who has taken in the pith of the story is not likely to forget it. Especially noticeable is the rank which the poet gives to intellect, in the person of the doctor. Intellect is throughout treated as most precious and most salutary, and yet the essential weakness of it, the inability of mere intellect without strength of heart to save a man, is one of the lessons principally taught. Doctor Beil has a warm heart as well as a strong intellect; but it is in strength of heart that he gives way—calamitously, though not irretrievably. How often is this seen among men! How needful is it to insist on the lesson, that men, if they are to carry out the purposes of life to a successful end, must possess not merely intellect and feeling, but also strength!

Of the remaining stories, "The Manx Witch" is the most powerful; "Bella Gorry" the most graceful and pathetic. In "The Manx Witch" there are four principal characters, namely, Jack Pentreath, a rough miner; Harry Creer, a rougher miner; Nessy Brew, the girl for whose hand the two miners are rival suitors; and the Manx Witch herself, "Misthriss Banks." We will not tell the story; but the challenge which passes between the two miners, to fight to the death for the young woman's hand, is given with such Homeric directness and plainness of speech that we quote it:—

"You'll give me satisfaction,"
Says Harry, "eh?" And *the where, and the when*
And the how. "At the mouth of the
Dragon's den,"
Says Jack; "let's see which'll put the
other
Down the ould pit, and finish this bother.
For you know d—— well whichever'll
lose
That bout," says Jack, "he'll have a long
snooze
Down there, he will. Now then, d'ye
see!
It's death! it's death 'twixt you and me!"

Will you try the fall, my blooming boss?
Hands on it, Harry?" So it's hands it
was.

The "ould pit" is the shaft of a disused lead mine, and is three hundred feet deep. The desperate wrestling-bout (a quite new form of duel) takes place, and is described with uncommon spirit; happily the end is innocuous; for when, after two hours' struggle, they are on the point of rolling down the shaft, clasped in each other's deadly embrace. Tom Baynes comes on the scene by pure accident, and with his fresh strength rescues and at last separates the two. Once separated, they are as weak as water, and cannot resume the struggle; and Tom takes them to the mouth of the shaft, and bids them look down.

I made the two of them look down
The shaft; and they seen it lighted round
Very clear with the moon, that was
shinin' brave
And full by now—"If you're wantin' a
grave,
You'd batthar spake to the clerk," I says,
"And get a comfortabler place
Than that," says I; "it's like a well
Dug down to the deepest depths of hell."
And it really looked most horrible,
The black and the deep! And Jack to
shudder,
And turn away; and Harry's rudder
Not over studdy, but aised, it's lek,
Aised in his mind.
—"The Manx Witch, and other Poems,"
p. 102.)

"Misthriss Banks," the Manx Witch herself, is a powerfully drawn character; but we must leave the reader to discover her misdoings and her punishment.

All the stories from which we have hitherto quoted are in the Manx dialect (not of course in the Manx *language*, though a few words of that Celtic speech are scattered throughout the poems); and it is not to be denied that some people have a real difficulty in reading dialect poetry. We should hence be hardly doing justice to Mr. Brown if we did not quote something from those poems of his which are

written in ordinary English. But the difference between the two classes of poems is curious. When Mr. Brown writes in the Manx dialect, whether in the briefest little word-sketch or in the longest narrative, humor is the most salient characteristic of what he writes; and it is accompanied by a certain looseness of rhythm which will have been apparent in the passages above quoted. But when he writes in ordinary English, the humor disappears, and its place is taken by a philosophical depth of thought, and often by a lyrical power and simplicity of expression. We have already quoted one of his songs; here is another. The lover is supposed to be waiting for his sweetheart under an apple-tree:—

Apple-tree, apple-tree,
Cover me, cover me,
Branches of the apple-tree!
While night's shadows drift and flee,
Fall on me, fall on me,
Blossoms of the apple-tree—
Pink-tipt snowflakes tenderly
Gliding from the apple-tree!

—("The Manx Witch," p. 49.)

These lines are simplicity itself; and so are the following:—

Look at me, sun, ere thou set
In the far sea;
From the gold and the rose and the jet
Look full at me!
Leave on my brow a trace
Of tenderest light;
Kiss me upon the face,
Kiss for good-night.

—("Old John," p. 78.)

Almost as simple, and perhaps even more human in its touch, is the following:—

At Malmesmead, by the river side,
I met a little lady,
And, as she passed, she sang a song
That was not Tait or Brady,
Or any song by art contrived
Of minstrel or of poet,
For baron's hall, or chanter's desk;
And yet I seemed to know it.
Good sooth! I think the song was
mine—
The all unthinking sadness—

She read it from my longing eyes,
And gave it back in gladness.
And yet it was a challenge too,
As plain as she could make it,
So petulant, so innocent,
And yet I could not take it.
A breath, a gleam, and she is gone—
Just half a minute only—
So die the breaths, so fade the gleams,
And we are left so lonely.

—("Old John," pp. 99, 100.)

There is the lightness of touch which hardly involves thought at all, and yet does just involve it; the poem is slightly reflective, which the other two are not. But in the following, thought emerges quite clearly as a constituent element, and with what dexterous art is it insinuated! The lines are entitled "In a Fair Garden":—

In a fair garden
I saw a mother playing with her child,
And with that chance beguiled
I could not choose but look
How she did seem to harden
His little soul to brook
Her absence—reconciled
With after boon of kisses
And sweet, irrational blisses.
For she would hide
With loveliest grace
Of seeming craft,
Till he was ware of none beside
Himself upon the place:—
And then he laughed;
And then he stood a space
Disturbed, his face
Prepared for tears;
And half acknowledged fears
Met would-be courage, balancing
His heart upon the spring
Of flight—till, waxing stout,
He gulped the doubt.
So up the pleached alley
Full swift he ran;
Whence she,
Not long delayed,
Rushed forth with joyous sally
Upon her little man.
Then was it good to see
How each to other made
A pretty rapture of discovery.
Blest child! blest mother! blest the truth
ye taught—
God seeketh us, and yet He would be
sought.

—("Old John," pp. 169, 170.)

Till the last two lines, there is nothing to distinguish this poem from one of simple, natural feeling; then suddenly the parabolic nature of it appears. Many such parables there are in the volume from which this is quoted; for the mysteries of religion are continually in Mr. Brown's thoughts, and the method of the parable is now, as of old, peculiarly adapted to set those mysteries forth. He is, however, not always so transparently lucid as in our last quotation; and to give an example of his thought where it is at once profounder and more difficult to grasp, we will quote the last four stanzas of his poem entitled "Pain":—

For there is threefold oneness with the one;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life; who, if he sleeps
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link
God-riveted that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavor
Which yields to God forever and forever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

—("Old John," pp. 110, 111.)

In these lines the natural man, the intellectual man and the spiritual man are depicted; each of whom may receive sorrow in a righteous manner, and gather from it a worthy fruit. But the spiritual man alone grasps the divine essence of it wholly and with perfect truth; for he knows that it is a

"tension-thrill," which, while it pains, does not enlarge and strengthen; labor and sorrow, thus taken, are the birth-travail which precedes the new life.

We would gladly have quoted, as of more than common excellence in the way of humor, something from that series entitled "In the Coach,"¹ and the poem entitled "Mater Dolorosa,"² as of more than common excellence in the way of pathos. But of this our space will not allow.

It is natural to compare poets together; and as the greater number of Mr. Brown's poems are in dialect, it is natural to compare him with two other poets marked by the same characteristic—Burns and the Dorsetshire poet William Barnes. But Burns is too established a classic for it to be fair to set a recent poet by his side, and put any question as to their relative rank. As to Barnes, we quite believe him to be among the immortals; his gracefulness cannot be surpassed. But Mr. Brown has a stronger brain, a wider grasp of observation; he is not quite such easy reading; yet he cannot be called difficult. We esteem the value of his poems very highly; we shall be sorry if they are not remembered and read in the future, and we shall think the world suffers a loss if they are not; although he, like all other writers of the day, has to await that future judgment of the world, which it belongs to no single critic to pronounce.

Let us, however, conclude by quoting one of his briefest poems, which may remind us that however great this world is, there is something behind it which is greater, and that the springs of creation lie in that which is behind. The poem is entitled "Indwelling":—

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—"This is not dead"—
And fill thee with Himself instead.

¹ Old John, pp. 51-75.

² Ibid., pp. 148-150.

But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says—"This is
now
Unto itself—'twere better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room
for Me."

From The Deutsche Revue.
**THE SPANISH DYNASTY AND THE QUEEN
REGENT.**

The dynasty which to-day, through Alphonso XIII., represents on the throne of Spain the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, and which has been victoriously maintained after three long and bloody civil wars, is suffering from the results of this conflict. Political embarrassments have forced the dynasty into a liberal, constitutional and democratic path, while tradition and antecedents inclined it to a more or less absolute autonomy. When, with the introduction of the Restoration, Alphonso XII. was placed upon the throne, the part the restored dynasty had to play became still more difficult, for it not only had to make terms and compacts with the revolutionary elements, but it also pledged itself to guarantee the peace and prosperity of Spain. Alphonso XII. had to close the wounds of the nation and cure it of maladies of every description. Under this tacit condition he received the crown.

During the Restoration, and in the first years of the Regency, this result seemed to be attained; but after the colonial war of separation broke out, a change in the attitude of the country toward the government began to make itself felt; at the present time, since the commencement of the international war, the dynasty has lost its popularity and is undoubtedly in danger.

The regency, as every one knows, is entrusted to the widow of Alphonso XII., Marie Christine of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria. Still a young woman, the regent appears even more youthful than she really is on account of her graceful, slender

figure and tastefully chosen toilettes, which are distinguished by their simplicity and elegance, and invariably in quiet colors—pearl-grey, white, black, heliotrope—the half-mourning shades which give her a somewhat melancholy appearance. Her face, too, is grave and a little faded by her sorrowful life, and threads of silver are beginning to appear in her pretty, reddish-gold hair.

To explain the people's change of feeling toward the regent, we must recall her history. When Alphonso XII., the king on whom such high hopes had been fixed, died of consumption, his young wife woke, as it were, from a dream; passionately attached to her husband and exclusively absorbed in winning his heart, she suddenly found herself with the burden of supreme power upon her shoulders, without thoroughly understanding, I will not say, the conditions, needs and customs of the country to be governed, but not even knowing its language, which she has now mastered so completely that she speaks it—though with a foreign accent—correctly and with the use of a large vocabulary and many phrases. Her health was seriously impaired, and she was expecting the birth of another child, so during the first hours after the decease of the king his widow is said to have declared, amid tears and sobs, that she did not think she could assume the burden of the regency. Fortunately, she found a support in the strong arm of the statesman to whom was due the restoration of political and social order, Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo, who while, on the one hand, avoiding every conflict by committing the government to a liberal Cabinet, on the other continued to be the young regent's faithful counsellor and guide. A still more fortunate circumstance was the birth of a son, Alphonso XIII., which assured peace and order in Spain.

When, in the year 1888, our first general exhibition took place at Barcelona, the regent's popularity was at its height. Happy and radiant amid the memories of the past in the mind of the widow of Alphonso XII. must be

that time when, restored to health, accompanied by her little son, she received universal proofs of sympathy and loyal devotion, and saw in a Spanish harbor foreign squadrons whose salvos of artillery hailed our entrance into the path leading to modern civilization, while in the peninsula the reputation of the queen's character and cleverness was spreading, awaking an enthusiasm which found vent in loud cheers and "vivas" in the streets. At the door of the palace which the regent occupied in Barcelona, ladies stood waiting in rain and sunshine to see her and kiss their hands to the royal child. And, as happiness and pleasure are beautifying, Donna Christina, covered with diamonds, was a stately and beautiful vision at the theatre as well as the exhibition, where the two little princesses, Mercedes and Maria Theresa—who at that time looked like two rose-buds—went with her.

Both the conservative and the liberal party which administered the business of the government had the greatest interest in advancing the popularity of the regent, and they did not neglect to do this. What they did neglect was to advance at the same time the prosperity and welfare of the country; for this, though at first flattered by the personal virtues of its queen, could not live by them alone, but needed both at home and abroad many other things, whose lack is sufficiently demonstrated by the present critical condition of affairs.

It is asserted that the queen, though she continues calmly to display the dignity of a constitutional sovereign, sometimes shows in speeches and remarks that she perceives and disapproves the faulty and variable management of the Spanish policy and government. Perhaps this disapproval is the cause of the retirement which Marie Christine has gradually effected, a withdrawal which has had an unfavorable effect upon her relations to the people. She isolated the dynasty by confining its intercourse to those who constantly visited the palace.

It is certain that the queen has se-

cluded herself more and more, and that the king and the princesses are reared very, very far apart from the populace, appearing in public only on special occasions as, for instance, the opening of the Cortes. The remainder of the year is spent in the solitude of the country; their only journey through Spanish territory is the usual trip to San Sebastian, and—to mention one detail in the rigid education of the young princesses—until a short time ago they were not permitted to have a mirror in their sleeping room.

Never, or very, very rarely, does an entertainment take place in the magnificent apartments of the Palacio de Oriente, perhaps the most richly furnished with tapestries, paintings and decorations in Europe. Only the unavoidable state dinners are given, with occasionally a little concert, attended by a very small number of persons, and now and then, with an equally restricted audience, a theatrical performance under the auspices of the Infanta Isabel, the sister of King Alfonso XII., who is fond of art and society. An evil destiny seems to haunt great festivals at the palace. When the much-discussed garden party was to be given in the new gardens on the Campo del Moro, the governor of Madrid was shot twice by a personal enemy, in consequence of which the entertainment was first deferred and then wholly relinquished.

The retired, methodically strict life of the queen prevents the court from devoting itself to gayety, in spite of the lively temperament of the Infanta Isabel. Her Majesty has not only renounced worldly amusements, for which she never had any special taste, but also sport. Formerly she was a most graceful rider, while now, I believe, she rarely mounts a horse, for which possibly the writer of these lines is to blame (of course unintentionally and accidentally). The last time I saw the queen on horseback was on the day she reviewed the troops in garrison at Madrid; and as, to see the pageant pass, we had obtained places at the low windows of the building in which the

deputies meet, and were supplied with bunches of gardenias and orchids to throw to the queen, I aimed mine so badly that it hit the neck of her spirited charger, which took fright and bolted. Had not the queen been so admirable a horsewoman, an accident might have happened. Among the comments made upon the danger which Her Majesty had incurred was the somewhat *post festum* one that people ought not to throw flowers when horses could be frightened by them.

Outside of the royal palace the regent has never been credited with the same degree of popularity among the lower classes in Madrid as was possessed by Queen Isabel II. in her reign. But, since the breaking out of the war with the United States, aversion and hostility to the dynasty are visibly gaining ground. For, just as any political success or military triumph would be transmuted into approval of the existing institutions, the continued disasters and unaccountable fatal errors which have brought us to the verge of ruin will result in injury to the government under whose direction they were committed. Vainly do we appeal in such matters to logic and justice: this kind of impartial justice is only meted out after a long period by history. We, who regard the question with unblashed judgment, understand that no blame can be attributed to the regent, Marie Christine, for the inevitable collapse of the Bourbon Restoration, the destruction of our hopes. She has strictly fulfilled her task as a constitutional sovereign who reigns but does not rule—at least until after the murder of Canovas, which was destined to be so fatal for Spain—neither taking the initiative nor throwing the weight of her personal sympathies into the scales of government.

Donna Christina has neither *camillas* nor favorites. Neither the archduchess, her mother, nor any of the ladies of the court, even those whom she regards as friends; neither the resolute, masculine Duchess of Alva nor the Duchess of Ossuna, who is familiar with everything; neither physician nor

confessor—no one exerts the slightest influence over her. Her guides and counsellors are the natural ones bestowed by the constitutional parliamentary system: the minister, the generals—in short, the statesmen. Of course some of them are more agreeable to her than others. For instance, she is personally attached to Sagasta. Yet I do not think that these sympathies could ever induce her to a change of ministry.

After Canovas' death public opinion, already prejudiced against the dynasty, disapproved of various steps taken by the queen, which were unsuccessful and were regarded as dictated by personal motives. But they were probably suggested by statesmen who, for their own purposes, desired to have the acts of the regency take this direction. Donna Christina, I repeat, cannot be held responsible for our present misfortunes, and far less her innocent children. The guilt and the responsibility must rest solely upon the highest government officials, but they will never atone for them, and, if the dynasty suffers, the eternal law of history will again be fulfilled.

What can be charged against the dynasty with more reason is that in order to strengthen itself internally, to avoid Carlist wars and Republican insurrections, it paid no attention to foreign policy. And even in this moment, when foreign problems are pressing upon us with such terrible prophecy, the statesmen with whom God has punished us think only of securing order in the Peninsula, no matter what fate befalls our navy and our army in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. This is certain, but the fault does not lie with the regent; it is another error of the government which not we alone, but probably the dynasty also, must expiate. The means of securing the permanence of a dynasty consists in its identifying itself with the nation, representing its prosperity and welfare in times of peace and guaranteeing its safety in critical moments. To create a conflict between the national and the dynastic interests would be worthy of

the worst enemy, not only of Spain, but of Alphonso XIII.

If in the terrible downfall threatening us the present institutions of government still endure, grave anxieties will nevertheless confront the queen regent in the future. The extent of the internal dissension already existing must show itself after the conclusion of peace, when the consequences of so many trials and cruel losses force themselves upon us. The economic situation is constantly becoming more alarming; the ambition and errors of our statesmen, as well as the renewed aspirations of others, will become a constant source of restlessness and agitation. The dynasty which, two years ago, feared nothing so much as the minority in the extreme parties recently lost an ally in Emilio Castelar, who was our greatest pride, one of the foremost of our living statesmen; the Spanish Lamartine, a poet in prose as the Frenchman was in poetry; a political representative of the ideal and at the same time of sound, human intelligence, and whose name, surrounded by a halo, is the emblem of liberty and order.

Aside from this grave loss, a series of complications will arise for the dynasty through the majority of King Alphonso XIII., who is to assume the reins of government as soon as he reaches his sixteenth year, and through the marriages of the princesses, especially the older one, the Princess of the Asturias and the direct heiress of the throne. It will be a difficult task to find a prince who professes the Catholic religion and is able to play, to the satisfaction of the people, the rôle of king-consort, which, if Alphonso XIII. should die without issue, would fall to him. It is absolutely necessary that the husband of the Princess of the Asturias should not display the same indifference and disrespect to Spain which is shown by the Infant Antoine d'Orleans, son of the Duc de Montpensier and husband of the Infanta Eulalia, the sister of Alphonso XII., the Spanish officer who did not hasten to defend his country on the battle-field, but remained quietly

at his country seat at San Lucar de Barrameda.

EMILIA PARDO BAZAN.

Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
MAKING MONEY.

I.

TANTIFER'S HOUSE.

Although Mr. Howard Tantifer was merely on the fringe of my acquaintance, it interested me to hear of his approaching marriage.

"I cannot imagine," said Lady Browne, "what Maud Winstanley can see in the man. She hasn't any money, it is true, and is not much to look at, and is getting on, but still she is a lady—of a suburban kind—while that Tantifer is not a gentleman of any kind."

"Not having money herself," I suggested mildly, "perhaps she appreciates its attractiveness in others."

"Who says that Tantifer has money?"

"I am not his banker. Let us content ourselves with admitting that he gives the impression of owning a competence. Mr. Tantifer lives in a good house of his own, his establishment is comfortable, and he has no obtrusive debts? How do I know? Have not tradesmen tongues? What more than a competence could a lady—of a suburban kind—expect?"

"How does he get his money, Mr. Gatepath?" inquired my lady darkly.

I said that as he did no work outside his laboratory, except occasionally to make pretty silver ornaments for his friends, his income must be derived from investments.

"What investments?"

I remarked with some dryness that it was not customary, nor indeed expedient, to demand from one's acquaintances a list of their securities.

Lady Browne's face flamed. She is the senior partner in a Sheffield pro-

vision store, and knows that I know the detested truth.

When I left Lady Browne's house the afternoon was far advanced, and the time unsuitable for further calls. Nevertheless, I presently found myself outside Mr. Tantifer's gate. I am commonly indifferent to the affairs of my neighbors, yet something of mystery in my lady's manner stimulated me into curiosity regarding Mr. Tantifer. Besides, the reputed bride, Miss Maud Winstanley, was my only friend.

He enjoyed a good house. A comfortable, warm, detached house, of which the bricks were clothed with a decent plaster. There had once been a moderate garden, but the laboratory which Tantifer had erected at the back of his residence crowded out the flower beds. I estimated the rent at eighty pounds a year—I was standing in the Surrey suburb of Dulwich—and the price of the long leasehold at about one thousand, four hundred pounds. After surveying the front of the villa for a few moments I strolled through the side entrance into the garden. Tantifer had constructed a laboratory of fine scientific ugliness. The naked yellow bricks were unplastered, and the small windows were fully twelve feet from the ground.

When I rang the front door bell the maid-servant stated that Mr. Tantifer was engaged in his laboratory.

"Oh," I replied easily, "I am a friend. I will go in and speak to him."

She stepped aside smiling. I walked down the passage to where I judged the laboratory entrance would be, and stopped in wonder before the door of a strong room. It was exactly the kind of door one finds in the cellars of a bank, warranted fire and burglar proof, by Messrs. Chubb.

"That's the laboratory," observed the maid; "no one goes in but the master, not even to clean up. Master sweeps it out himself, and throws the dust out of the window."

She raised the mouthpiece of a speaking-tube with the object of establishing a communication with "Master," but I stopped her hand.

"No," I said, "I will not disturb Mr. Tantifer."

Outside on the doorstep I encountered Maud Winstanley. She responded to my congratulations civilly enough, but could hardly be said to reveal much innocent enthusiasm or maidenly shyness. The young lady was pretty evidently bored, at least by congratulations.

Then I went home and carefully noted my curious experience, from which precaution the reader derives the foregoing exact description.

II.

TANTIFER'S WIFE.

The marriage took place in due course, and for nearly a year I saw little of the Tantifers, although I heard a great deal about them. My ears were, indeed, opened by expectation. It seemed to me that a wife on one side of a steel door and a husband on the other ought to develop some details of interest. The first news of trouble did not, therefore, come to me as a surprise. Wives have not been tolerant of secret closets—whether called studies, laboratories, or by the other deceptive titles adopted by wicked men—since the days of Bluebeard. Nevertheless, Bluebeards—in the secretive, if not the matrimonial sense—continue to exist, and I set down Howard Tantifer as one of them. The first rumors of matrimonial disturbances did not surprise me, but when they gathered precision and took a concrete shape I was not a little astonished. The suburbs have grave defects; the residents ape the fashionable world in many irritating ways, but they do not often emulate its extravagance. I should not have believed, had the evidence been less overwhelming, that a girl like Maud Winstanley, brought up to regard one thousand pounds a year as wealth, would, in a few months of married life, have developed a purposeless rage for dress, diamonds, costly prints and old china.

My authority was Mrs. Winstanley, the girl's mother. Not the least hate-

ful of this woman's qualities was her exceptional truthfulness. It is better to tell many lies than once to blurt out the kind of truth that ought to be buried. Mrs. Winstanley told us in her own drawing-room that Maud was ruining her husband, and the mother's air of half-frightened admiration disgusted me more than did the daughter's inexplicable folly. I had no reason to suppose that Tantifer was in any sense rich. His house and his manner of life were those of a man with five or six hundred a year, an income which provides little margin for feminine extravagance.

In the early summer, nearly a year after the wedding, I met Mrs. Tantifer in the street. A few months before she had been a young and fairly pretty girl—Lady Browne is not accurate in her descriptions of young women—now she was old, and ill, and ugly. The change was pitiful. My disturbed feelings must have affected my face.

"I'm not very well, Mr. Gatepath," she said.

"Maud," I whispered hurriedly, for the pavement was crowded, "what's the matter? You are looking awfully ill."

"I am ill," she said.

The precise accounts of her extravagance, to which I have alluded, recurred to my mind, and the rough explanation of folly which had hitherto satisfied me appeared now to be imperfect. Feminine folly does not disagree with its votaries so powerfully as to kill them in twelve months. Mrs. Tantifer's trouble was evidently due to something much more subtle, and I was inclined now to set down both waste of money and of health to the same disturbing cause.

"Mrs. Tantifer," I said, "you're a married woman, and I am perhaps a meddling old fool. Snub me if I am impertinent, but please answer my question. Can I help you in any way?"

She looked at me strangely out of her dreadful hollow eyes. "I don't know," she murmured, "I must think. Don't

ask me now. Perhaps—" and she turned into a shop and was gone.

The next morning by the first post I received the following letter:—

*Dear Mr. Gatepath:—I think that there must be a God after all. I have no father and no brothers, and the need for the disinterested services of a man were pressing me to death when you met me to-day. Old friend, you *can* help me. Please be at Mrs. McGrath's tennis party to-morrow afternoon.*

Yours expectantly,

MAUD TANTIFER.

Mrs. Tantifer plainly regarded me as a friend who was too old to be dangerous, a view which was not entirely agreeable to my feelings. My offer, made under an emotional impulse, had been seriously accepted, and there was no course left me but to play gracefully the part of a middle-aged knight errant.

Poor Mrs. McGrath was convinced by my assured air of welcome that she had inadvertently sent me a card. "So good of you," I murmured over her hand, "not to forget us old fellows."

Maud Tantifer took an early opportunity to lead me into a remote corner of the McGraths' splendid garden. She was looking less ghastly than on the previous day, and I plainly read hope in her eyes.

"Dear Mr. Gatepath," she said, "how can I thank you enough?"

"Don't thank me at all. I have done nothing as yet."

"You are a friend of my husband, Mr. Tantifer?" she asked.

"Say, rather, an acquaintance."

"I met you leaving his house one afternoon before my marriage. He does not admit many people to his house."

"He could hardly be said to have admitted me."

"How much did you see?" she inquired eagerly.

"I saw a laboratory protected from observation by having its windows near the roof, and from entrance by a fire-proof door."

"Did you—did you suspect anything wrong?"

"No," I replied truthfully. "I did not. It is not at all uncommon for scientific men to put an entirely exaggerated value upon their labors. They look upon all men as potential supplacers of the owners in their trumpety discoveries. Your husband has protected himself more perfectly than inventors usually do, but he is probably not the first man who has worked behind a strong-room door. From one or two inquiries that I instituted I found that he made no particular secret of the fact of his secrecy; he has been known to laugh over it as if the laboratory were an idle man's fad."

"My husband is an extraordinarily clever man," said the wife, as one propounding a recent discovery. "He is my husband," she went on, "and I would endure the life if it were possible. But his wickedness is killing me, his wickedness and the fear, the fear—" She stopped. "Without help there is no retreat, for I have no fortune, and my mother—"

"I know Mrs. Winstanley," I observed, dryly.

"I want a man's help, Mr. Gatepath. I had thought of everything and of everybody. Nothing was of use, and I despaired until—until I saw your kind face in the street yesterday. Dear old friend, you will help me, won't you?"

"I will do anything you wish. Don't cry, my dear, it's all right now. Don't cry, or, confound it, you will make me cry too." I comforted her as best I could until she grew calm.

"I can't tell you the frightful truth—he is my husband—but you will find it out. Yes, you will easily find it out. It is not very difficult to climb up and look in at the window when he is working. Then you will see and understand and can tell me what to do."

So with this understanding we parted.

When I came to think over my plan of campaign, I was annoyed to observe the element of low comedy which Mrs. Tantifer's scruples had imported into the matrimonial tragedy. As I could

not look in upon Tantifer's evil doings—whatever they might be—without the assistance of a ladder, it was plainly necessary that I should not only procure the burglarious instrument, but myself carry it to the scene of action. It was evident that the police might regard with grave suspicion the spectacle of a middle-aged gentleman bearing a ladder towards some one else's house in the dead of night. I considered and rejected many plans, and might still have been turning over the problem, had not the urgency of the case compelled me to adopt the simplest solution.

I therefore set out at one o'clock on a dark morning with a light ladder upon my shoulder. I have no arrest to record; but in mental agony I suffered fifty arrests. Every footstep, every shadow on the road, heralded for me the approach of a policeman. If burglars, in the active exercise of their profession, experience a tenth part of my misery upon this innocent journey, their occupation is the least desirable and worst paid one in the world.

Observations which I had recently made into Tantifer's habits guided my selection of the hour, and, as I expected, the lighted windows of the laboratory shone into the night. The weather was warm, and more than one of the sashes stood open. Made careless by long security, Tantifer had neglected to lower the blinds. I set my ladder against the wall below one of the sills, and lightly ascended. The night was warm, but the air within the laboratory was yet warmer, so that a thin mist had gathered on the window panes. It was, therefore, necessary for me to climb to the upper rungs of my ladder and to look over the top of the lowered sash.

I at once saw Tantifer, who was moving about dressed in flannels, but I could not at first grasp the nature of his occupation. In the middle of the room stood a large iron instrument from which stretched out a long lever or arm, the whole resembling the weighing machines one sees at railway stations. In front of this machine was a

bench dotted with round white discs. A heap of similar objects appeared on a little table, and beside the heap was placed a small gas stove covered with a red-hot plate. So much I observed without comprehension. Tantifer approached his apparatus and tossed a disc from the heap on to the hot plate of his stove. Then he treated the object as if it were a chop on a grill, turning and re-turning it. After, for me, a painful delay, he picked up the disc with a pair of pincers, inserted it in some part of the iron machine, and threw his weight on the lever. I heard a dull thud and a sharp hiss as a piece of hot metal fell into a pan of water.

Then my sleeping intelligence awoke, and I understood!

I had involuntarily shaken the window, for Tantifer's eyes were instantly turned on my face. We gazed at each other for an immeasurable time, and then he dashed open a drawer. There was a spurt of flame, a bang, and a bullet smacked against the window sash beside my chin. I jumped backwards, and my ladder and I fell into the garden.

III.

TANTIFER'S MONEY.

When I recovered my bruised senses I was lying on my back in the laboratory, and Tantifer was pouring brandy down my throat. "Lie still," he said, "you have banged your head against one of my flower-pots."

His voice was curiously gentle for that of a detected criminal. In a few minutes he spoke again.

"I am sorry that I fired a revolver at your head; but the sudden apparition of your white face over my window upset my nerves. When I discovered the identity of my visitor, it instantly occurred to me that you had saved me the burden of a difficult decision. For that service, Mr. Gatepath, I am truly grateful."

He paused, carefully regarding me, and I heard him laugh quietly to himself.

"Why you came, and what you expected to find, Mr. Gatepath," said

Tantifer, "I do not know, and I have not enough interest to inquire. It is sufficient that you are here and that your appearance is very funny."

There was little merriment in his laugh. Under the strong light of the laboratory I noted that the change in him was hardly less than in his wife. His face was extraordinarily white and seamed, and the grey streaks in his hair were far more numerous than in my own, which had twenty strong reasons in the shape of added years for being the whiter.

"This is a most eventful night, Mr. Gatepath," said Tantifer, tramping the room uneasily; "you have discovered a secret which is vital to me, and my future course is instantly made plain."

"Does Mrs. Tantifer know what you are?"

"Does she know?" he shouted. "Can a woman and a secret live together? I explained my need of privacy to Mrs. Tantifer, the delicacy and danger of my experiments, I hinted darkly at frightful explosives, and suggested my dread least envious competitors should steal my scientific discoveries. The deceptiveness of women is horrible, Mr. Gatepath. I lavished lies upon Mrs. Tantifer, beautiful lies which fitted one another like pieces of mosaic; she seemed to accept them all. She used to discuss my chemical difficulties before me with an assumption of interest which staggers and horrifies me in the recollection. Yet all the while she was plotting the passage of my iron door. What was my secret when weighed against her curiosity? Nothing, Gatepath. And God created woman as a helpmeet to man. Heavens, what a Divine disappointment! How could you, a man of experience, ask if Mrs. Tantifer knew?"

It was necessary for Mrs. Tantifer's sake to ask the question, but it was by no means necessary for me to explain why I asked.

"How I loved that woman!" he went on. "All I had was hers except my secret. I concealed my work for her sake, yet she dashed the fact of concealment in my face. She taunted me

with crime. She declared that as I practically stole my money she should not respect it, and, by God, she has kept her word. Two thousand pounds have been flung away by Mrs. Tantifer in six months, and I have paid all the household bills myself. Whatever she asks I give, and never receive thanks, not even a smile."

I watched his lips quiver, and pitied the man from my heart.

"Don't you think, Tantifer," I said as kindly as I could, "that your wife's position was rather difficult? Considering how what we will call her conventional notions of honesty would revolt against your occupation, she was left with two courses only. Either she would refuse to touch your money, or she would treat it as dirt. She chose the latter. It does not in the least follow that because your wife hates your work this dislike is extended to yourself."

We were silent for a while, and then Tantifer said:—

"I should like to tell you the whole story, if you would care to listen, Mr. Gatepath. You will see the end, and it will add to your interest to know the beginning."

I assured him of my close attention, and he began:—

"I am the son of a manufacturing silversmith, and have been apprenticed to all the branches of the business. You may have seen the bangles and other trifles which I sometimes make, and if so you will admit my skill as a workman. Ten years ago my father died. He left a fair business, in which I inherited a share, but as the other partner was a most offensive uncle I sold my interest to him for cash. Then I set up as a gentleman for a year, wasting a lot of money and getting little in return. After that, seeing the urgent necessity, I cast about for the means of earning a decent income. It was then that the profitable use to which the low price of silver could be put suggested itself to my mind. You will please understand at once, Mr. Gatepath, that I am no vulgar 'smasher.' I 'utter false coin,' as the lawyers say, but at the same time I give people precisely the same value for their florins and half-crowns as the mint does. I coin, Mr. Gatepath, in *standard silver*."

Those words explained all that had hitherto puzzled me. I now understood Tantifer's long years of unchallenged safety. His coins had to endure the single test of workmanship, and the man was an artist! I had seen his work. Instinctively my hand moved towards my pocket.

Tantifer smiled. "It is quite likely. My money passes and circulates everywhere. When I began to produce silver coins experimentally, nine years ago, pure silver was 3s. 6d. an ounce, or forty-two shillings a pound Troy. Standard silver is not pure. The pure metal is too soft, so we have to harden it by adding copper. Standard silver contains thirty-seven fortyths of the pure metal, and cost, when I began, about thirty-nine shillings a pound. The market value has fallen steadily ever since, until I can now buy my raw material at twenty-five shillings a pound Troy. You may not be aware that a pound of standard silver will manufacture into sixty-six shillings, or into a corresponding number of other coins. That is to say, the metal which now costs me twenty-five shillings to purchase is worth sixty-six shillings the instant it is coined. You will see that the basis of my fortune has been the fact that silver coins are mere tokens, of which the nominal value is fixed and is independent of the intrinsic value. The difference between these values leaves a handsome margin of profit, so handsome that for every three guineas' worth of coins which I now produce nearly two guineas is clear gain. No one but an ignorant amateur would use a base metal when he could buy genuine silver so cheaply. In the early days of my work the profit was less than during recent years, but it was still sufficient to repay me lavishly for my labor. I began by making moulds of plaster of Paris from newly minted coins, and I cast my imitations from these moulds. The process was

long and troublesome. The coins needed a great deal of highly skilled attention before being perfect, and I never felt quite safe with them. At that time I could detect minute differences between my own coins and the genuine products of the mint. I can do so no longer. The change is due to better apparatus. My press over there is a beautiful instrument. The finer parts I made myself, and the heavy castings were done from my own patterns. The dies grip the smooth silver with the force of two tons; all that I do is to sit on the lever. I cast my steel dies from bright, fresh coins, and finish them by hand. I melt down the ingots of bullion, recast the metal into thin sheets, stamp out the rough discs, mill and raise the edges. I do everything which is done in the mint, and I do it all by myself."

Criminal as the man legally was, I admired his knowledge and courage and wonderful skill. Every one whose pocket contained money was his natural enemy. He had tapped the life-blood of a civilized state so cleverly that the stupid monster had never felt the knife, nor had been conscious of the long drain upon its heart. He was as one who had conquered lions, only to be fatally stung by a scorpion. He who had for nine years defied a government was himself flung to the ground by a woman—by a woman, too, who had unconsciously blundered into victory. However fast he made money, his wife could spend it faster, and against her his skill and his courage were alike vain. I could not wonder at the grey hair and the lines on his face; it was the bitterest, stupidest, most pitiful defeat that ever a strong man suffered.

"I bought the lease of this house," went on Tantifer, "with the relics of my own inheritance, and I built this room so that I might coin in secret. My knowledge of chemistry is sufficient to let me pass as an amateur enthusiast, and I occasionally turn out silver trinkets to withdraw attention from my considerable purchases of metal. I do not try to conceal the fact of my secrecy, as a parade of candor is my

best means of self-preservation. My iron door is a necessary protection against servants and inquisitive callers—such as you were once yourself, Mr. Gatepath—and I readily admit its existence to my friends. It is one of 'Tantifer's fads' and has been talked about for years. Nobody takes my concealment nor my science seriously."

"I do not quite understand," I put in, "how you dispose of your manufactures. Surely that was a great difficulty. Silver is not a legal tender, and—"

"Of course not," interrupted Tantifer rather irritably. "I cannot pay with silver a greater amount than forty shillings, but what does that matter? You are on the edge of a subject, Gatepath, of which I know the length and the breadth and the height. The disposal of my coins was never a difficulty, because I adapted myself to existing conditions. In the first place, I am not a bungling amateur who makes half-a-crown and then runs off with the hot coin to a public-house to buy beer. You haven't got that elementary idea out of your head yet. I never get rid of my coins within twelve months at least of manufacture. They have time to tone down in color, to take on a disguise of use, and by knocking one another about to wear away sharp edges. My attention, for convenience of manufacture and to save time, is confined exclusively to florins and half-crowns. I make them with the dates of each year while it is current, and do not attempt to pass them until the year following. As I do not dispose of my whole stock of any one date, I never lack a pleasing variety. For several years past I have coined the silver equivalents of 30*l.* every week. That is about my limit; there is much to do, and everything must be done by myself. Twice or three times a week I put 10*l.* worth of miscellaneous florins and half-crowns into my pockets and take the train for some part of London. Any part will do; there is a fine field of choice, and little need for repetition. The rest is child's play. I enter a shop, make a small purchase, and beg to be

obliged with gold for ten shillings' worth of silver. Tradesmen are glad to get change and make no difficulty. By this means I can easily alter my load from silver to gold in an hour. As for danger there is none. I would not hesitate to pass one of my half-crowns on the deputy master of the mint. You smile, confound you! Take these and be convinced of the perfection of my work."

Tantifer moved quickly from one large chest to another, and then brought me nine half-crowns dated consecutively from 1889 to 1897. I took them, and I have them still. I have weighed those half-crowns, pored over them with a magnifier, compared them with what purported (I am sure of nothing now) to be genuine coinage of like dates; I have even shaved off little pieces for analysis by an assayer, and I am convinced. My heirs will find those half-crowns and spend them without a suspicion of their origin. In the meantime I cherish and delight in them; I rejoice wickedly in the perfection of their falseness. I own them with as pleased a conscience as I should a universally accredited Raphael which I secretly knew to be a copy.

"There is little more to be said," observed this Prince of Coiners. "The game has been well played. For reasons which are plain, I had nearly decided to throw up my hand before your obtrusive head popped over my window sash—that was a pretty shot, Gatepath, a short four inches to the left and you wouldn't have been listening to this story. Now all is over. You have discovered me. I really do not see the use of further concealment. No, I'm not going to surrender to the police. I'm not a fool. I am going to return to the paths of virtue and become once more a poor bachelor."

"Tantifer," I said, "the moral question is no affair of mine, and I will spare you an impertinent sermon. But this I will say. You made a great mistake when you married before having amassed a sufficient fortune to give up this unlawful business, and you made a still greater mistake in withholding

your confidence from Miss Maud Winstanley. A woman will forgive any crime, except deception, in the man she loves."

"Exactly," he muttered sadly; "in the man she loves."

Then the respectable Roger Gatepath arose and stretched out a hand to the criminal. I am glad that I did it. It may be that at the moment I accounted it a kindly act of condescension, but afterwards—perhaps the reader will presently understand what were my feelings afterwards.

"Thank you. You will come again, Mr. Gatepath, once more—the day after to-morrow—at noon."

As I walked away it came into my mind with a rush of admiring wonder that he had never asked for my secrecy. He knew that I could by a word deliver him up to years of imprisonment, yet he had me in his power and exacted no promise. The possibility of being betrayed by me had never occurred to him. And this was the man whom Lady Browne, Lady Browne forsooth, had pretended was not a gentleman! I had come out that night a partisan of the wife; on my return I whs not far from transferring my allegiance to the husband.

When, at the appointed time, I entered Tantifer's dining-room, the air felt charged with strange emotions. I was worried and nervous. My bachelor life has moved in pleasant places; I am unused to contact with crime and to feel the waves of strong passions about me. Maud Tantifer and her mother were already in the room. Maud favored me with a grave bow, but Mrs. Winstanley ignored me altogether. She was blinded by her own unspeakable woe. Maud looked like a statue in dull marble. While I was observing my companions, the door opened and Tantifer strode in.

No one spoke for a few minutes, and then, to my angry astonishment, Mrs. Winstanley broke into a roar of words and tears. "I can't help it, Maud. I really can't. I thought you would be so happy. Mr. Tantifer had such a nice house and so much money, and now

you say he has nothing and ought to go to prison. You say he isn't going to make any more money for you to throw away, and I'm sure I don't blame him for that. But, perhaps, if you promise to be more careful—I'm sure I brought you up *most* economically—he'll forgive you and go on with his business. I always said Mr. Tantifer was too kind and generous; didn't I, Mr. Gatepath? It is difficult enough to get along by myself, but if I have to keep you too—"

"Maud," came Tantifer's great voice, swallowing up the miserable creature's babble, "does your mother know how I make my money?"

His wife bent her head.

"I have called you three together to state my intentions as regards the future. Let us dismiss the past. You all know what my manner of life has been, and you all know why my occupation has now been permanently abandoned. You understand, Mrs. Winstanley, permanently abandoned. My wife will, in future, regulate her expenses at her pleasure; she will be responsible to herself alone and be herself the sole sufferer by any excess. She will live where, and in the manner that, she pleases. I make no complaint. I have myself acted wrongly through my ignorance of women; I have assumed love where love did not exist, I have mistaken acquiescence for affection, and I have foolishly fretted at a coldness which was the natural consequence of outraged respectability. The fault was mine alone. I married your daughter, Mrs. Winstanley, because I loved her, and I leave her now because—because I love her still."

My chair was placed beside that of Mrs. Tantifer, and I heard her breathing quicken. Tantifer leaned against the mantelpiece, with a faint smile on his worn face. He spoke slowly, and every word dripped like blood.

"Had I come to this decision six months ago it would have been better for Mrs. Tantifer in a pecuniary sense, but as during these months she has been spending her own money, and has had an unquestionable right to spend

it, it is not for me to comment on the rapidity or on the methods of her expenditure. All I have is hers, and has been hers since she entered this house as my wife."

"Was there then a settlement?" gasped Mrs. Winstanley.

"Settlement? No." Tantifer flashed out in fierce disgust. "What need for a settlement between my wife and me? Did I not say that I loved her, loved her? All I have is hers. There is not much, Maud," he went on gently. "The lease of this house has seventy years to run. The house is yours to keep or to sell. There is besides about 2,000*l.* well invested, all that remains of my inheritance and the savings of nine years. The stock shall be transferred to your name, and a conveyance of the house executed. We must come to lawyers' deeds now that we separate. There is, at the worst, enough to live upon quietly for an indefinite time, or to spend handsomely in a year."

"That really is most kind of you, Mr. Tantifer," began Mrs. Winstanley, "although I expect you have given us the money and the house to keep us from putting you in prison. Still it is kind, that I shall always say. The house will easily let for 80*l.* and the money ought to bring in eighty more. You must, of course, live with your mother, Maud—to whom can a deserted daughter fly unless to a mother?—and with your little income and my own annuity we shall get on capitally. What do you say to Bournemouth in the autumn? I was thinking of going, and now if you will share the lodgings with me—"

"Be silent!" I shouted. I was maddened by the petty meanness of the woman.

"Really, Mr. Gatepath—" Mrs. Winstanley was beginning, but I paid no attention, for Maud suddenly broke her stony silence.

"What," she asked hoarsely, "what are you going to do?"

"I? Oh, my plans are quite simple. I have a few hundred pounds represented by bullion and silver coin, of

which no one will contest with me the ownership. With these—and you will please accept my word as to their sufficiency—I shall return to my old business. I shall become once more a manufacturing silversmith. There are many things which I cannot do; I do not make a good gentleman nor a good husband, but I can work in silver. Believe me, I shall do very well, and in a year or two shall be able to add to your small income."

"If you are a woman," I cried silently in my angry thoughts, "go and comfort him. Don't you see that he is stripping himself for you, and one of the finest hearts on God's earth is bleeding for you? You are not worth it, but that does not trouble him. Go and comfort him, I say." But I said no word, and she sat still.

"I have only to say," resumed Tantifer, "that the necessary business shall be put through as quickly as possible. I shall leave this house immediately, and you, Maud, will stay in it or not at your convenience. I will endeavor to avoid you when I come some evening to get what I require. For the future I can promise you entire freedom from my presence."

He hesitated, and some of his social awkwardness seized upon him. He wanted to go, but found a difficulty in leaving the room.

A hand gripped my arm—heavens, what iron fingers Mrs. Tantifer had!—and a voice murmured into my ear, "Is he really going away—for always?"

"Yes, he is," I retorted brutally. "He is going away and you will never see him again. He has given you all his money, so there is no reason why he should stop any longer."

She had turned from me and was looking at Tantifer. I saw her rise up, and I saw her hard face break into such a storm of love and pity as these eyes had never witnessed before, nor have since. She rose up, took two steps forward, and dropped on her knees at Tantifer's feet.

I sprang up too and jumped about in my excitement. Mrs. Winstanley tried also to leave her chair, but I put my

hands upon her shoulders and compelled her to be seated.

Tantifer stooped over his wife. His looks softened a little—not much. The mask slipped for an instant, but was quickly replaced. He clasped the woman's hands, lifted her from the ground, and courteously led her to a sofa. Then he kissed her, bowed to us, and turned to go.

"Tantifer," I cried; "Tantifer, she loves you!"

But he shook his head and went away, and I saw him no more.

BENNET COPPLESTONE.

From The Leisure Hour.
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This year marks the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy. The oldest of existing art societies, it shows no signs of decay; the object of violent and long-continued attacks, it thrives and waxes in prosperity from year to year. The public ranks it, with Parliament and the morning tub, as an integral part of the British constitution; and to let May pass without paying one's shilling at the Burlington House turnstile (proud turnstile, that gives no change!) is to shut one's self off from the amenities of social intercourse. You may not know Burne-Jones from Dendy Sadler, but when the inevitable question is asked, "Have you been to the Academy?" you must be able to answer in the affirmative, or suffer disgrace.

The position the Academy occupies is a peculiar one. Nominally it is not a public institution at all. Unlike the other royal societies, it holds no royal charter. It is a private *protégé* of the Crown, and the State has no official knowledge of its existence. It is independent and self-supporting; house-room is all it receives of the nation, and even that is due, not to an Act of Parliament, but to a personal promise of George the Third's. But public opinion has long since conferred upon it official rank, and the courtesy title has been ac-

cepted as a real one, with all the honor and responsibility implied therein. The prime minister sits and speaks at the annual banquet; the private view is the inaugural function of the social year; the care of rising merit is confidently entrusted to the hanging committee, and any neglect on their part to acknowledge good work is the subject of as much indignant comment as a miscarriage of justice in the courts of law.

The origin of the Royal Academy was inauspicious enough. It was born in an atmosphere of petty intrigues and undignified squabbles. The story is a complicated one, and can only be given here in brief outline. It opens at the foundling hospital, of all places in the world. Captain Coram's bequest provided for the building and endowment of the hospital, but not for its decoration, and a number of artists, headed by Hogarth, volunteered their services for ornamenting the principal rooms. In acknowledgement of this gratuitous help they were elected governors of the hospital, and were authorized to meet in the building to devise means for carrying on their good work. From a committee of three they grew into a large assembly, and in 1759 they formed themselves into an art society. Meanwhile the pictures at the hospital attracted large crowds of sightseers, and it was suggested that the new society should organize a public exhibition of its work. This was done, and the first picture-show in England was held in 1760. Dissensions arose at once, and the society split into two. The seceders, known as the "Free Society," after holding several exhibitions, managed to quarrel among themselves; the members expelled the directors, and the directors petitioned the king to lend his countenance to the establishment of yet another society, to be called the Royal Academy. George III., though ignorant of painting, was quite willing to pose as a patron of art. He approved of the scheme; after some difficulty Reynolds, already at the head of his profession, was persuaded to join, and the Royal Academy was born on

December 18, 1768. Among the members were all the living painters of eminence, with the notable exception of Romney. Reynolds was elected president. Two members were ladies; two others, were respectively a sign-painter and a carriage-painter; and Reynolds' friends, Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, were appointed honorary professors of ancient literature and history.

The early exhibitions were held in what had been an auctioneer's warehouse in Pall Mall. At the first show, in 1769, the members exhibited 129 works, most of which must have been commissions, since only two were for sale. The charge for admission was one shilling, as now—catalogues gratis. In one respect this first Academy exhibition differed favorably from its fore-runners and competitors; it was devoted exclusively to works of art as we understand the expression, and not in the extensive and peculiar way it was interpreted by contemporary taste. For example, here are three items from the Society of Arts Catalogue for 1767:—

Two birds in shell work, on a rock decorated with sea-coral.

A Landscape in human hair.

A Frame of various devices, cut in vellum with scissors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver threepence.

There was no limit, as there is now, to the number of pictures a member might send. From 1769 to 1790 Reynolds contributed no less than 244; in 1783 Gainsborough was represented by twenty-six works. Truly there were giants in those days!

The first of the annual dinners was held in 1771. In 1780 the Academy removed to Somerset House. About 1830 it had outgrown its accommodation there; and the government offered to make room for it in the newly projected National Gallery. Here it established itself in 1839, and for thirty years our two chief art institutions were housed under the same roof. By 1869 both had

grown so enormously that there was no longer room for them together. Again the government came to the rescue, and assigned to the Academy the premises in Burlington House which it has occupied ever since.

The Royal Academy consists of not more than forty members and thirty associates, exclusive of foreign members and such as have retired from active duty. It is governed by a council of ten, chosen in rotation from the members. Both members and associates take part in the elections. Members are chosen from among the associates, associates from a list of prominent outsiders to which any member is at liberty to add. Elections are by ballot, the names at the bottom of the poll at successive votings being eliminated, until only two remain for the final choice. Members elect have to deposit a diploma picture within six months of their election. After being shown at the Academy exhibition, the pictures are relegated to the honorable obscurity of the Diploma Gallery, the existence of which is practically ignored by the public, though it is open daily without charge. Election nights are times of great excitement, not only among artists, but also among their humble, indispensable assistants, the professional models, who on such occasions gather in force on the steps of Burlington House. When the election is over, the head porter comes out and announces the result, and immediately there is a wild stampede. On foot and in hansoms the models race to the homes of the lucky ones, for by long-established custom the first to bring the good tidings can claim a reward of a guinea.

Two exhibitions are held in the course of the year, one, from January to March, of "Old Masters and Deceased Masters of the British School" (it was devoted in 1897 and 1898 to the works of Leighton and Millais respectively), and the other, from the first Monday in May to August Bank Holiday, of works by living painters. The intending exhibitor has to walk circumspectly. He must not send more than eight works.

and they must not have been exhibited in London before. Pictures must be respectably arrayed in gilt frames, and only water-colors are allowed the luxury of a protecting glass. He is warned against sending oval frames, or frames with very wide borders, and also against supplementing his titles with "excessive quotations." And all "mere transcripts of the objects of natural history" are foredoomed to rejection.

The dates of sending in are usually the last Saturday and Monday in March for pictures, and the following Tuesday for sculpture. Academicians and associates are allowed an extra week.

Every work must bear the official label, properly filled in; and from the number of these labels issued it is possible to estimate pretty accurately the number of works sent in. This is very large, and of late years it has increased enormously—one might say alarmingly. A few years ago the average number was ten thousand; last year it was twelve thousand; and this year it is said that the extraordinary number of fourteen thousand works was submitted to the selecting committee, whose task cannot have been an enviable one.

The selecting committee is composed of the members of the council. Before them is placed a large easel, on which the pictures are put, one by one, by the attendant carpenters. After a consultation—which must be brief enough in most cases—the verdict is pronounced, and the head carpenter, standing behind the picture, chalks on its back one of the three letters, A (accepted), D (doubtful), or O (out). The time allotted for this rough classification is necessarily brief: about a week is all that can be spared; and in that time, if we exclude architectural drawings, which are dealt with separately, the council, at the most moderate estimate, have to pass judgment on considerably over one thousand pictures a day. One is not surprised to hear that, towards the end of the task, eyes and brains grow so weary that the judges are al-

most incapable of distinguishing one picture from another. Such a state of affairs clamors for a remedy; and it has been proposed, reasonably enough, that the present limit of eight works should be lowered, and that, at any rate, no outsider should be allowed to send more than two pictures. As it is, men are accused of ransacking their studios in order to send in the full number, on the chance of getting a single one accepted; and it is even said that not long ago one misguided lady, by a careful distribution of her applications for labels among different frame makers, contrived to give the committee their choice of twenty-two specimens of her skill.

Naturally, mistakes are sometimes made. Academicians are only human, and immunity from error and prejudice is not included among the privileges of their rank. Good work is rejected, bad accepted; but, considering the enormous difficulties they have to contend with, they discharge their duty with sufficient fairness and discrimination. Still, curious things do happen. One hears of the six times rejected picture of an indomitable competitor finding an honorable place on the line at the seventh attempt. Academicians and associates are exempt from judgment, and the story goes that some years ago an Academician of long standing and European fame sent his picture in on one of the days allotted to outsiders, instead of a week later, as is usual. On the varnishing day he arrived and went through the galleries; his picture was nowhere to be found. He made inquiries—no one had seen it. A horrid doubt arose in some one's mind; a search was instituted, and the picture was discovered ignominiously stowed away in a corner, with the fatal O on its back. Sent in before it was expected, it had gone before the council in the ordinary way, and had been promptly reected. Profuse apologies followed, and an offer to make room for it somewhere. But the Academician had a sense of humor, and insisted on the council abiding by its own decision. If the picture was too bad to pass, he

said, it was too bad to hang, and hang it should not.

Another tale is told by a well-known sculptor-Academician, of the days when he was unknown to fame. On sending-in day he and his statue went together to Burlington House. A foot projected a little way from the base of the statue, and fearing lest some damage might be done to it by careless handling, he asked one of the porters to take particular care of it, at the same time slipping five shillings into his hand. The work was accepted, and he went round on varnishing day to see how it was placed. Up came his friend the porter with a mysterious smile on his face.

"It's all right, sir, as you see," he said. "I took care of it for you." Then, in a whisper, "*I slipped it through when they weren't looking!*"

From the committee of selection, the accepted and doubtful pictures pass into the hands of the hanging committee, which consists of from five to seven members, including a sculptor, an architect, and the Academician last elected. It is their duty, after arranging the members' and accepted outsiders' work, to decide finally the fate of the doubtful pictures—a delicate task, for there may be space for a thousand pictures and perhaps twice as many to choose from, all of which the council has considered worthy of a place. It is whispered that towards the end, when many odd corners remain to be filled up, the head carpenter with his yard measure becomes a person of importance, and the convenient shape of a picture may often turn the scale in its favor.

The number of works exhibited at the Royal Academy varies considerably from year to year. Taking the official figures for the last five years, we find the average number to be: 974 oil paintings, 425 water-colors, 200 architectural drawings, 143 engravings and etchings and 139 pieces of sculpture—making a total of 1,884 works. Last year the numbers were rather above the average; this year the total reaches 1,967, of which 1,005 were oil paintings. So

it may be concluded that six out of every seven works sent up this year were doomed to rejection.

The Monday before opening day is the outsiders' varnishing day, when they come with paint-boxes and palettes to put the finishing touches to their work—often to make extensive alterations, for a picture on the walls, with other competing pictures round it, often looks very different from the same picture in the calm seclusion of the studio. Academicians are allotted three days in the previous week. In the old times, before art clubs, these days provided the chief opportunity for social intercourse among members; and they held an important place in the art-training of the younger ones. "Painting went on in common," says Redgrave; "much of precept, much of practice, and much of common experience, were interchanged."

Turner would often paint practically the whole of a picture after it was hung, elaborating a finished work from an incoherent sketch. A host of stories are told of him in this connection; the best of them is well-known, but it will bear repeating. It is thus narrated by Walter Thornbury:—

In 1822, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea piece by Turner was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive color in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermillion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the "Waterloo" to his own picture; and, putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermillion and lake of Constable to look weak. On Leslie entering the room just as Turner had left it, "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired off a gun." On the opposite wall was a rather warm picture, by Jones, of "Shad-

rach, Meshach and Abednego in the Furnace." "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea." Turner did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.

Turner disliked Constable. But when a friend was concerned he could behave very differently. Here is another story from the same source:—

When his picture of "Cologne" was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture being exceedingly bright, it had a most injurious effect on the color of the two portraits, and Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and openly complained of the position. At a private view on the morning of the opening of the Exhibition, a friend of Turner's who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendor led a group of expectant critics up to it. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun color. He ran up to the artist, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black. It'll all wash off after the Exhibition!" He had actually passed a wash-off lamp-black in water color over the sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time; and so he let it remain through the Exhibition, to gratify Lawrence.

The Wednesday and the Thursday morning following varnishing day are set apart for the press, and the Thursday afternoon for the visits of royalty. On the Friday is held the private view. In one respect this is the most important day of all, for it is the day of the dealer and the art-patron, the day when the clerk in charge of the sale-book is busiest. Of course many of the pictures are commissions, or have been sold on the easel, but the majority of the exhibitors look for the modest reward of their labor and the recoupment of the expense of frames and models to

the invited visitors, not to the plebeian paying herd that comes after. Yet private-view day may pass without a nibble, and still hope will not be abandoned. There is still the casual purchaser to depend on, and the cautious patron who waits until the last days of all, when the artist's pride is humbled, and a reduced offer is no longer rejected with scorn. It may be noted here that, unlike most other societies, the Academy charges no commission on sales. This helps to explain the rush to get in, for elsewhere the artist is mulcted of as much as twenty-five per cent. of his price—of the price he asks, too, not of the price he gets.

The number of pictures sold and the prices paid fluctuate largely from year to year, and might be thought to afford a sensitive test of the general prosperity of the country; for, as painters say, when things are bad, self-denial always begins with pictures. But whether this be a true or full explanation is doubtful. If we accept it, the Budget figures of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach should be an omen of prosperity in the art world. Perhaps the best time artists have known of recent years was in the late seventies, when trade was flourishing, and a decent picture was practically certain to sell. Then came commercial disturbances; some large collections went to the auction-rooms, and fetched only a fraction of what they had originally cost. Purchasers, many of whom buy pictures as they would land or stocks, as investment, took alarm, and the modern picture market has never quite recovered since. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Academy sales have also suffered through the increased interest the public have taken in art of late years. Rival shows have multiplied enormously, not only in London, but all over the kingdom. Innumerable art schools turn out more or less competent painters by the hundred. Still, one may take with a grain of salt the complaint of artists—proverbially a race of good-humored grumblers—that things were never so bad as they are now. Prices have been higher, and they have been

much lower. Without going back to the dark ages when Gainsborough in the height of his fame could only demand £63 for a master-piece (the portrait of Garrick at Stratford), it may be recalled that Constable's usual price for a landscape was £100, and that Turner received on an average £300 apiece for pictures of his "middle" period. As late as the fifties £500 was a large price, which few could venture to demand; nowadays £1,000 is more common, and much higher sums are not unheard of. Far more money is spent on pictures now than then; only, there are many more pockets to share in its distribution.

No art is so much influenced by fashion as the art of painting. It is a common observation that every few years at the Academy there is a run on some special class of subject—at one time allegory, at another fish-wives, at another problems of conflicting lights, and so on. Special places, too, are favored at different times by these gregarious folk; and a man returns from a holiday with his mouth and his sketch-book full of the beauties of some unknown and admirably inaccessible spot; a rush takes place, comparable to that of miners to a newly discovered gold-field; and for the next year or two London finds itself growing curiously familiar with every alley and backyard of some obscure Sussex village or Cornish "porth." Then some new place is discovered; the brief vogue of Beer or Walberswick declines; white umbrellas no longer spring up on their streets like mushrooms after a shower; and their landladies and picturesque loafers are left lamenting.

Taking a broader scope, one might trace the history of English art by the appearance in the catalogues of certain great names, heads of schools, with their lesser satellites about them. Thus, *genre* painting we have always with us, but its palmy days began in 1806, when Wilkie suddenly leapt into fame with his "Village Politicians," and were continued well into the fifties under the auspices of Leslie, Ward and Mulready. Then there was the long

period—a good half-century—during which Landseer held a higher place in the affections of the great public than any painter before or since. His first picture was exhibited in 1815, when he was a child of thirteen; his last great work, the "Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles," was shown in 1869. The list of titles between is a list of household words. What some will regard as the greatest of all the names on the Academic roll appears in the catalogue for a still longer period. During the sixty years from 1790 to 1850, Turner only failed to exhibit three times.

In 1850, the council little realized the momentous nature of its act, when it accepted for exhibition three canvases by three very young and unknown men, whose enthusiasm for early Italian art had lately led them to form a kind of revolutionary league or triple alliance, under the title of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In a few weeks the three, Millais, Rossetti and Holman Hunt, the eldest of whom was scarcely out of his teens, found themselves the centre of a raging controversy. The chief attack was made on Millais' "Christ in the House of His Parents," and no reproaches were too scornful to heap on the head of the man who had dared to say a new thing in an uncompromising way, without a single pretty turn of speech to soften its effect. The *Times* and *Household Words* were the foremost among the assailants; the other side found a redoubtable champion in Ruskin, who, in the first of his famous letters to the *Times*, defended the innovators and proclaimed the dawn of a new era in art. The storm broke out afresh in 1854 over Holman Hunt's "Light of the World;" and Mr. Ruskin was again compelled to come forward in defence of earnestness and sincerity against frivolous criticism. "For my own part"—thus he ends the letter to the *Times*—"I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age."

The league was soon dispersed; each member found his own way and walked in it unsupported; but it left behind a

permanent and far-reaching influence. Later, it found an echo—an Irish echo with variations and amplifications—among the followers of Burne-Jones, though the master himself has only once exhibited at the Academy.

Excitement of a different kind, and more popular than artistic, was aroused in 1856 by the exhibition of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day." The crowds in front of it were so great that a railing was erected to preserve it from damage, a thing the necessity for which had never arisen before in the history of the Academy. Long in the National Gallery, it is now placed with the other modern English pictures in the Tate collection.

There is no space here, and little need, to go over the history of recent years. For long one name has bulked more largely than any other, in the estimation of artists and the public alike, and our loss is still too recent for us to realize clearly that we have no longer Millais with us to leaven the tameness of a mediocre year, nor can any hazard a guess as to who is to take his place. If any influence can be said to predominate in the bewildering variety of creeds and methods, it is the influence, not of a man with a soul, but of the technical craftsmanship of the Paris and Antwerp studios.

When one speaks of the Academy, one is generally thinking of the exhibition; but it must not be forgotten that its name implies it to be, in the first instance, a teaching institution. The first act of the newly incorporated Society was to establish a studio in Maiden Lane; and from this small beginning the Academy schools have grown up side by side with the exhibitions, each giving and receiving support, money on one side, and budding exhibitors on the other. For instruction at the schools is entirely gratuitous, all expenses being paid out of the Academy's privy purse, which is chiefly fed by the exhibition receipts. (It is curious to note that in the early days the shilling admission was an innovation, and bitterly resented as such. Even as late as the thirties, Lord John Russell was agitating for its abolition.)

There are schools of painting and drawing, of sculpture and of architecture. Gold medals and travelling studentships of £200 are awarded biennially in each branch, and there are also various annual money prizes and medals. The professors are chosen from among the Academicians, and all members serve in rotation as visitors. Those to whom the word "academic" is a word of reproach are not backward in criticising and condemning what they consider the old-fashioned style of tuition adopted in the schools. Official institutions are apt to be conservative; whether this is a merit or a defect is of course a matter of opinion. At any rate the schools have numbered good intellects; a list of eminent pupils would include Turner, Wilkie, Constable, Landseer, Fred Walker, Millais and Hook, to give only a few names. The average number of students is about one hundred. Applicants for admission have a double test to undergo. First, with their application they must send in four specimens of their ability—in the case of painters, a chalk drawing from the antique, a drawing of a head and arm from the life, and two anatomical drawings with bones and muscles labelled. If these are satisfactory, they are admitted as probationers, and must then attend at the Academy to undergo a second trial within strict time limits, and under the eyes of the authorities. If this is successful they are admitted as students for three years, at the end of which they can continue for another two years after passing a third examination. The age limit in the first instance is twenty-three.

From its funds the Academy also provides gifts of annuities to aged and necessitous artists both within and without its own circle. One of its most important duties is the administration of the Chantrey Bequest. Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, died in 1841, and left in his will a sum (said to have been £30,000) to be applied to the purchase of works of art from the walls of the Academy Exhibitions. The fund was intended primarily for the encour-

agement of rising talent, and the works purchased were to be national property. The fund accumulated until 1877. Since then, exclusive of this year, eighty-four works have been bought at a total cost of £51,711, giving an average of £615 each, and an average yearly expenditure of £2,464. Until last year the majority of them were housed at South Kensington; now they have found a fitting home in the Tate Gallery. Among the most important of them may be mentioned Millais's "Speak, speak!" Orchardson's "Napoleon on board the 'Bellerophon,'" and Leighton's bronze "Athlete struggling with a Python."

When the Academy is criticised, and accused of failing to recognize genius, it is well to remember that the notable painters to whom it has refused membership may be counted on the fingers. Still, they are there—the ghostly occupants of the Forty-First Chair, as our French neighbors have it—and among them are Romney, David Cox, Rossetti, Linnell and Albert Moore. They are few; in spite of their exclusion they rest secure of fame, and the Academy has long since repented of its inhospitality; there is no more to be said. Among living painters, two names will occur to every one—Holman Hunt, who has voluntarily and expressly cut himself off from all connection with official art, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who was once admitted to the inner door, waited there till he was weary, and departed again. One question is often asked, and may be asked again. The Academy extends its hospitality to painters, architects and sculptors; when will it do honor to itself and an important branch of art by electing a man whose reputation has been earned by black-and-white work? Nowadays the pen is mightier than the brush; and the great army of illustrators has had no representative in the council of the chiefs since Gilbert died.

Well, one may criticise and criticise, and the Academy remains; and, as the *Times* critic once said, "When Englishmen possess a machine ready made for a particular purpose, they are not

likely to discard it because it happens not to work perfectly." If it were abolished, one may be sure that nothing better would take its place; and to many a young painter life would lose half its zest if there were no Academy to bombard with abuse—and pictures.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE FAROES.

I.

Although the Faroes have neither the glaciers nor the forests of Norway, nor the geysers and volcanoes of Iceland, they are full of a weird beauty of their own, with their towering sea-cliffs and their scattered, cloud-like mists. Far from being mere arctic rocks in the ocean, as Englishmen are apt to believe, their climate, thanks to the Gulf-Stream, is warmer than that of Scotland, though they do lie nearly two hundred miles northwest of Shetland. And their vegetation, if rarely more than a few inches high, is as luxuriant as the winter storms and the shallowness of the soil will allow. The buttercups seem larger than those on the mainland, and the bushes appear of a brighter green. Seventeen of the islands are inhabited, having a population of about fifteen thousand, and one of them, Stromoe, is twenty-seven miles long. Thorshavn, the capital town, is on the east coast of Stromoe, opposite the little island of Naalsoe, but the richest and most modern village is Thrangisvaag in Suderoe (South Isle).

The islands have been incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark for many years, and send two members to the Danish Parliament, but they retain a certain degree of independence. Their local affairs are managed by an assembly which sits at Thorshavn, and still is called the *Lagthing*, though it is under the presidency of an *Amtman* appointed by the king; and they enjoy special exemption from conscription and from export and import duties.

The members of the *Lagthing* are balloted for every three years in such a way that each has a substitute ready

to succeed him, should anything happen, without the trouble of a by-election. For the two months in summer during which the House is sitting, they are paid by a poll-tax levied on all voters—that is to say, on all men over twenty-five years of age who have never been in prison.

This tax is only payable in cash; but some of the others, none of which are excessive, may be paid in kind. So many pounds of butter from each cow that is kept, so much wool from each sheep that is slaughtered, and one-thirtieth part of all the pilot whales that are killed. The taxes are collected by *sysstmen*, or sheriffs, who are always natives, and who visit each village in their several districts at least four times in a year, besides presiding over the distribution of whales, whenever a successful hunt has taken place.

Legal matters are very simply managed. There are no lawyers. Important cases, civil and criminal, are decided without a jury in Thorshavn by a judge, who is nominated by the king for a term of years: he has always been a Dane. Petty thefts and such matters are brought before the *sysstmen* on their quarterly visits, and obedience to sanitary by-laws is supposed to be enforced by the headmen or mayors of the villages. The final appeal is in all cases to the Danish Parliament. There are twenty-four policemen; but their ordinary duties do not extend beyond Thorshavn, and even there only two of them are in uniform at once. Outside the town their chief work is acting as crew of the *Amtman's* official boat, for which they receive extra pay; but if a crime is reported from the country one of them is sent to bring the criminal to Thorshavn. This, however, is a very rare occurrence, not only because crimes are seldom committed, but also because the Faroeman is by nature peaceable, and prefers that scandals should not go beyond his own village. The old fort at Thorshavn is the only prison in all Faroe, with the exception of one probably built by this time at Thrangisvaag.

In Thorshavn and in a few of the

country villages schools have been built, where elementary education is carried on in Danish, but most of the people, who have, as it were, local option in educational matters, prefer to teach their children at home; for if they elect to have a school in their village, not only must they send their children to it, but they must also grant the teacher, whose salary is paid by government, pasturage for a cow, and various other rights which they seem to consider extravagant.

Danish is the language of the Lagthing and the church services as well as of the schools; but the ordinary speech of the people is a dialect of Icelandic, from which it differs chiefly in pronunciation. A fortnightly newspaper is published in Farish at Thorshavn, and a complete collection of Farish ballads of all ages, from the thirteenth century to the present time, has been printed at Copenhagen; but very few of the islanders can read their own dialect as easily as they can read Danish, both because the latter is taught in the schools, and because Farish was never written until fifty years ago, and doctors still disagree as to its spelling.

The appearance of the people is fine, and this, although the women are delicate, age young and dress badly. Both sexes have an air of refinement and dignity often seen among true peasants; but the men are unusually handsome. They are not tall, but strong and well-built, with broad shoulders—and magnificent calves. Their costume shows them off to the best advantage, for it consists (with the exception of a loose coat, which is not always worn) of tight-fitting garments—a knitted guernsey or a cloth jacket adorned with silver buttons, black knee-breeches, felt-like grey stockings and hide shoes; while their high caps, colored in narrow stripes of red and blue or black, add to their apparent height. Their features are generally good, and their beards long and silky. If one of them is asked to what nationality he belongs he will answer "To Faroe,"

and if reminded that Faroe is now a province of Denmark, "Yes," he will say, "but our ancestors came from Norway, and the only Dane who came near these parts at the Settling was killed in Iceland." The anti-Danish feeling, which is apparent in all Danish dependencies, is not, however, so active here as elsewhere. In Iceland all good Icelanders, it has been said, are Republicans; but no Faroeman would seriously think of going so far. Indeed his dislike of the people who stepped into Faroe and other Norwegian possessions by the conquest of Norway, and remain in them still, because they were too poor for Norway to trouble about, is a matter of sentiment, and is chiefly kept alive by the contemptuous behavior of the Danes of Thorshavn, who not only look down on the islanders as "mere peasants," but refuse to believe that anything belonging to the "peasants" can be of interest, and are indignant at the "peasants" asserting themselves in any way. *Amtman*, judge, apothecary and other officials have generally been Danes, people of education and often of refinement; but when in 1897, for the first time in history, a native was appointed *Amtman*, some subordinates refused to call upon him, alleging as an excuse for their rudeness that his people were peasants. He himself had taken a brilliant degree at Copenhagen University, and, after traveling for a time, had held a post in the Danish Civil Service, but all of this made no difference. Of course there are (and have been) exceptional Danes who are above such petty prejudices, but they are exceptional.

The ancestors of the Faroemen were, as they say, Norwegians, but that the Norse blood has not remained pure is proved by their appearance and illustrated by their traditions. While the predominant type is that of the Viking, golden-haired, blue-eyed and fair-skinned, wilder and darker Celtic faces are by no means uncommon. A few Irishmen probably lived in the islands before the Norsemen came, and some of them may perhaps have stayed on long enough to give a name to West-

manhavn, a large village, or collection of villages, on the west shore of Stromoe.

Of the legends dealing with the introduction of foreign blood, the following has an interest quite apart from the historic doubts to which it may give rise, for although history gives it no justification as a fact, its plot is as romantic as ever conceived by a novelist.

In the little valley of the Kongsgaal, in the isle of Naalsoe, the foundations of a few small houses can still be traced among the hay-fields and potato-patches of the present village of Eide. One of these, which is larger than the rest, although its size does not exceed that of a small bed-room in a modern home, is known among the people as the princess's house. They say that in it a Scottish princess dwelt long ago. She was a daughter of "Jacob," King of Scotland, and she married a servant of her father's court in secret. At length discovery was imminent, so she sailed away north with her husband and many attendants, until, when her ship reached the Faroes, she thought herself beyond pursuit. In the Faroes the island of Naalsoe had lately been devastated by a plague, and not a single man or woman remained upon it; so here in Kongsgaal she caused her servants to build her a house and cottages for themselves around it, and here she soon gave birth to a son. Even to Naalsoe she was followed by her father. The first object that met his gaze as he landed on the island was his little grandson playing on the shore. The boy was beautiful and marvellously like his mother—so like that her father knew that he was his grandson at once, and, charmed by his beauty, relented towards the princess. Now that the child had paved the way for forgiveness, King James forgave his daughter and begged her to return to Scotland with him. This she refused to do. She had found a refuge at Naalsoe, she said, the island was now her own, and in Naalsoe she would spend the rest of her life. Finding it impossible to con-

vince her, he sailed away alone. The boy who had reconciled father and daughter by his birth was destined to cause trouble with another monarch by his death. Some time after the King of Scotland had left Naalsoe, his grandson tripped over a stone and killed himself on the blade of a knife with which he was playing. The death of her heir gave the King of Denmark power to confiscate half of the island from its royal colonist, because *she was a Roman Catholic*. This he did, keeping half of what he took for himself—one-quarter of the island still belongs to the Crown of Denmark—and giving the rest to a clever young noble of his court. The princess had many other children, and they remained in Naalsoe; but after her death her retainers left them, and built a village for themselves in Suderoe. The people of Naalsoe are still exclusive; do not some of them claim descent from the kings of Scotland? Although there are not more than two hundred of them, they are indignant at any son or daughter who chooses a mate from another island. As a result their general health is far from robust.

Had the heroine of this story been in reality the daughter of a king, history would hardly have neglected so charming an episode; but we need not therefore look on her wholly as a myth, for the daughter of a Scottish nobleman might easily become a princess in a legend like this. Some of the people, however, would make things more definite by claiming James II. of Scotland as her father, in which case the King of Denmark's claim against her for her "Popery" must of course be utterly apocryphal.

The people of Suderoe, whither the princess's servants migrated, are, according to those of Stromoe, of different race from the rest of the Faroemen. Even to a foreigner their dialect and appearance are not quite the same. Probably others besides the Scottish retainers had a share in bringing this to pass. There are tales among the Danes of the visits of French sailors to Suderoe; but one current among the Faroemen, besides being more edifying,

has a quaintness of its own as told by a certain old man of Thorshavn.

A long time ago a small foreign vessel anchored off Suderoe. On board there was a woman, the wife of the captain. ("The Faroemen were very rude in those days," the narrator will say here as an excuse for what followed.) The chief man in the island, who was in want of a wife at the time, went out to the ship with many boats full of his followers, seized the woman, and took her ashore. The crew of the foreigner was small, the islanders were many, and the captain was forced to leave his wife to her fate, and to set sail with all speed. As he departed, his cry was heard on shore, "*Ma femme, ma femme!*" To this day there is a village in Suderoe called after her—Famoyen—for she was forthwith married to her captor, and the people thought that her name must be Fam. "And this proves," the old man says by way of moral, "that the people of Suderoe are Irish, for I have heard that *femme* is the Irish for wife." The pedantry which forms the point of this story makes it seem almost like the labored explanation of some scholar in embryo, or perhaps the mistaken version of some full-blown scholar's erudition. Although neither of these traditions may be true in point of fact, they probably represent the causes why foreigners came to settle in the Faroes pretty accurately; and it is only reasonable to believe that these foreigners were from Scotland and from Ireland, the nearest non-Norse countries, and perhaps from France, which sends so many of her sons to the fishing-grounds of the North Atlantic.

In spite of (or perhaps because of) this slight infusion of blood from without, the Faroeman has retained many of the virtues of his Norse ancestors more completely than have any of their more distinguished descendants. Norway is rapidly being corrupted by the tourist; the Danes are more than half Germanized; the Icelanders are wholly demoralized by *avarice* and by slavish self-complaisance—but the Faroeman has escaped or recovered from all of

these diseases, and by his combined hospitality, courtesy to strangers, honesty, gayety, and cleanliness of person and home, resembles much that was good in the heroes of the ancient Sagas; while through centuries of peaceful living he has lost their vices of cruelty and bloodthirstiness and (to some extent) their excessive love of the wassail-bowl. His chief faults, put briefly, are a lack of originality, a want of superfluous energy, and a tendency to libel his neighbors; unless we choose to include amongst them a harmless superstition, which at the end of the nineteenth century still ventures to believe in trolls and mermaids. Norse hospitality, courtesy and honesty need no commentary—they are almost proverbial amongst us already; but there are in the Faroes two customs connected with the first of the three which may be worthy of note. Even where payment is accepted for board and lodging from a stranger, gifts, such as a pair or native shoes, a cap or a home-made cheese, are often given to him on his departure. The second custom, which reminds us of the "butter in a lordly dish" which Jael presented to Sisera, is rarely met with nowadays, although occasionally revived for the benefit of a stranger interested in such matters. Whenever a man came into a village in which he knew no one, it was considered correct for the most important resident to come out, invite him in, and set before him a great basin of curdled milk, from which they partook together. Had the Norsemen ever been known as poisoners, this ceremony might have had a deeper significance than ordinary hospitality.

There is a notion abroad in this country that no Norseman can enjoy a hearty laugh; but that this is not so can be seen by any one who has ever taken a journey in a boat rowed by Faroemen. Every peculiarly shaped rock is the subject of some jest, at which all are convulsed; every sheep on the slopes above the water affords by its antics, as it runs away from the noise, an excuse for further laughter. The truth is that the Faroeman is shy

and proud. He naturally treats the tourist with glum silence when the latter insists on poking about his cottage without his leave, and he is intensely afraid of being laughed at. Even the fact that an Englishman has brought a tent with him to the islands is against him in the eyes of the islanders. Why cannot he be content with their fare and their lodging, both of which are clean and good, if simple?

When the time comes for describing a whale-hunt, some delicate humanitarians may object to the statement that the Faroeman has lost the vices of bloodthirstiness and cruelty. But although more blood is spilt in slaying a whale than in killing an ox, we have no proof that pain is felt in proportion to size. "When Shetlanders get drunk they fight," a Faroeman once said to an English artist; "but we love our brothers, and when we're drunk we love them all the more." Instead of fighting they dance and sing with others in a like condition to themselves. But let it not be thought from this that they are drunkards. Their ordinary drink is coffee, and only on rare occasions, such as the feast after a successful whale-hunt, or sometimes on St. Olaf's Day, do they drink too much strong drink. Their sense of propriety, moreover, is said to be so excessively proper that any unmarried girl who is seen to say "Good morning" to a man forthwith loses her reputation; but this is probably an exaggeration produced by the Danes of Thorshavn. For their lack of originality and their want of energy two causes may be given—climate and conservatism. The climate of the Faroes is not good even in summer, for although the air is then warm, rain is commoner than sunshine, and fog commoner than either. The winter is not very cold, and the frost rarely lasts for long; but the frequent intervals of thaw are filled in with fog, which is only broken by alternate hurricanes and thunder-storms. This is not weather to encourage energy, especially when there is no ordinary work that can be done at the season, and no market for extraordinary work. There

are neither tourists to buy trinkets and curios nor ships to take goods away. The conservatism of the Faroemen may seem to some worse than their climate. They build their houses of wood, they roof them with birch-bark and turf, and they paint the walls with tar, *because their ancestors in Norway did so*. Wood, birch-bark and tar are all perishable, all come from abroad, and all are therefore expensive; but they put up with these disadvantages rather than use stone, which they could quarry for themselves, and slates, which would be in the end far less expensive than the very perishable birch-bark. However, this particular proof of their dislike of change has at least the merit of picturesqueness. There are innumerable others almost too small to be noticed, as, for instance, the continual use of the *bismar* or wooden weighing-beam, although *bismar* weight is so hopelessly inaccurate that, even in the Faroes, its use is forbidden by law in any commercial transaction. There is at least one reformer in the islands—besides those who live at Thorshavn—but even he is in many ways a true conservative. Born nearly seventy years ago, in his youth he travelled much, and was now a cabinet-maker in Copenhagen, now assistant to a blacksmith in New South Wales, now working at the gold-mines of Queensland, and now a marine—during the Schleswig-Holstein war—in the Danish navy. Then, ere he grew old, he returned to his native island with a little money, bought land and settled down. In spite of his wanderings the old Adam often appears. He has roofed his cottage with slates, an example which his neighbors have refused to follow; he has taught all his fellow-islanders to boil their fish-oil out of doors instead of over their kitchen-fires; and he has never ceased to harangue them—in vain—as to the danger of throwing their refuse into the stream and then drinking of its water. Yet, when he heard that ladies ride bicycles in England, he could only shake his head and sadly remark that the world will not last long now. London was to him so big, and so

black, and so haunted by rogues, that he hardly ventured out of his lodgings when he spent a few days there on his way home from Australia; but his feelings towards Englishmen are so kindly that the priest of his village has laughingly named him the "English Consul." The Faroemen have been out of the world so long that when they enter it now they pass through it unaltered.

To account for their tendency to libel their neighbors is less easy, considering their honesty; but the reason is not far to seek when we recognize the smallness of their world, as exemplified by their newspaper, in which seven columns and three-quarters are devoted to the affairs of the islands, while the remaining quarter of a column contains foreign news. (On one occasion it contained the whole of the Japanese war besides other things.) All sorts of rumors are constantly flying about the islands; sometimes there is quite an excitement because the British government is said to be on the point of seizing Stromoe in order to have a harbor for their fleet at Westmanhavn. When such stories afford a topic for conversation, a little private scandal is not to be wondered at. But even this is no excuse for the way in which a Faroeman when asked about one of his countrymen—in all probability a perfectly sober person—will reply. "Yes, I like him; but," with a shake of the head, "too much spirit, too much *aquarit*."

In spite of this tendency, Farish superstitions are very harmless, for they deal mostly with trolls, mermaids and water-spirits, and are sometimes open to conviction. Although *troll* is often translated "witch," the word does not convey to the Norseman any idea of human depravity or of devil-worship. The trolls are rather the "little people," who live inside the fairy mount, from which they issue at night or in solitary places to dance, or to play mischievous tricks on human beings, and sometimes to steal a child. In olden times they must have been much bigger and more powerful than they are now. Witness the legend of the Needle's Eye, a natu-

ral archway which pierces the cliff at the south-east corner of Naalsoe. Once upon a time there lived in the Faroes a troll who wished to have an island of a certain size as an estate, and finding none of the exact size, determined to tie two of the smaller ones together. To accomplish this he bored a hole through the end of Naalsoe and another through the end of Sandoe opposite, and fastened the two together with his hair, which he had twisted into a rope. Then he tugged with all his might to bring them towards one another; but his neck was unable to bear the strain, and his head fell off into the sea, and became an islet, still called Trolhoved (Trollhead). Trolhoved is now valuable to its owner as a source of sea-birds' eggs, but at one time it was impossible to collect them, for any one that attempted to do so was driven off by a terrible bullock, which belonged to the dead troll in some mysterious way. Although the "little people" are no longer capable of works on so large a scale, they still occasionally prove their existence by kidnapping a child. She is forced to run and run when she hears them calling, until she reaches their hill. There she disappears for a period of about ten days, after which she is returned to the upper world on the top of some nearly inaccessible cliff. One old woman who was thus treated many years ago may often be seen in Thorshavn, where she is known as "the woman who has walked three times round the world," because she has come into the town from the country so often that she has walked as far as if she had really accomplished the feat. They say that the old lady thoroughly remembers her sojourn inside the hill; but since she was found gnawing her fingers with hunger on her reappearance, she has never been quite like other people. The last case of the sort happened only five years ago.

The mermaids do not carry their mischief so far, but content themselves with entangling the fishermen's lines and snapping off their hooks. This they often do; and if more than three hooks are lost in succession without

apparent cause, it is certain to be their work. The real mermaids are probably hag-fishes and skates; for the latter are said by Danish fishermen to form themselves into huge suckers by pressing their side-fins on the ground, and to cling so firmly to the bottom when they feel the hook in their mouth that nothing can move them; while the hag-fishes entangle the lines by the slimy secretion of their skin as they crawl amongst them, feeding on the fish already caught.

The first church in the Faroes—according to some—came floating on the sea to Suderoe. A pious queen of Norway had made a vow to set up a church in some land which the new religion had not yet reached. To fulfil her vow she had caused the church to be built of wood and to be placed in the sea, and had prayed that it might float over the waves to some country still in the darkness of heathendom. When the building reached Suderoe her prayer was answered. Sailors in danger at sea are said to vow their offerings to the "church in Suderoe," and to pay them on safe return in the modern church at Thrangisvaag, as the ancient building is no more. The Faroemen now are Lutherans, and have been since the sixteenth century. They go to church regularly, the men more regularly than the women; and their obedience to the fourth commandment, if not according to Scottish lights, is constant. Charity is a part of their social as well as their moral code. Further it does not befit a stranger to pry. They are really devout, and do not fritter their honest belief away on superstitious vows and offerings; some of them are indignant at the story of the floating church—probably as tending towards Rome. A better authenticated tradition ascribes the conversion of the Faroes to Sigmund, one of the heroes whose exploits are told of in the "Faroe Saga." He is said to have built a church at Kirkeboe, near the south-east corner of Stromoe, and some fragments of an ancient wall, now called the *Leighuus* (corpse-house), are believed to be remains of his building.

Kirkeboe was the seat of a bishopric until the Reformation reached Stromoe. The last bishop—still according to tradition—came to a strange and violent end there. From that day to this the chapel which he was building has remained unfinished, but carefully looked after and judiciously repaired when injured by a storm. It is a small but massive structure, with narrow pointed windows, and a high rounded arch for a doorway. On the north side a small side-chapel opens from the main building, and in its east wall is a very unsymmetrical circular window. There are several curiously carved supports for the roof-beams, which were never laid; but more curious than these is an archaic representation of the Crucifixion, which is carved on a slab let into the outer surface of the east wall. It is said to have been presented by King Canute, and was believed at one time to mark the hiding-place of some treasure. The lower part of the stone is considerably broken, by a man who tried to steal the treasure, but was overcome by horror at the sacrilege he was committing before he quite pierced the slab. The upper part is very complete, except the surrounding inscription, which is illegible. Of course the building is much later than the time of Canute, but the slab may easily have been removed from an older structure.

Every village has now a church; there are remains of three at Kirkebø; although the farmhouse and two cottages constitute the village there. The older churches are generally built of wood and thatched with turf, and are only to be distinguished from the dwelling-houses by their greater comparative length and by a little white belfry, which is perched on the west end of the roof. There are only six priests in the whole of the islands, three of them being Danes and three Faroemen at present; but in every church an old layman reads the service when the pastor is absent in another part of his parish. At christenings, weddings and funerals this lay-reader has the right of standing next the priest with an open prayer-book before him, on which a

small fee is placed by the relatives. Lately a number of the people have split off from the Lutherans to join some Baptists, who, having come as missionaries from Shetland, have caused great dissensions, social as well as theological.

From Chambers's Journal.
IRISH HOME INDUSTRIES: POINT LACE.

The Textile Exhibition of last year in Dublin, at the time of the Duke and Duchess of York's visit, was a veritable inspiration. Nothing so convincing could have been done "to dispel the myth that the Irishman is constitutionally an idler, and that the Irish can do nothing of themselves." For here was the evidence of their aptitude for work, and of eager yet patient industry which had toiled on, almost unrecognized, for years. Ireland owes this great and timely help to Lady Cadogan; and truly from many a heart came the involuntary "God bless her!" at the sight of the many strangers who, pleased and surprised, crowded round the various exhibits at the Textile Exhibition, often entering into interested conversation with the exhibitors, and receiving information which totally upset preconceived ideas of Ireland and its people.

Out of all the industries exhibited I single that of lace-work for a brief account, partly because it is rapidly attaining—like Irish poplin—the rank of a specialty, and also because nothing so displays the deftness, taste and artistic skill of Irishwomen. Those who can remember its beginnings have a deep and pathetic interest, not unmixed with pride, in now beholding its results.

And first let me take that "queen of Irish laces," the Irish Point, made only in the south of Ireland. This exquisite, filmy fabric is so beautiful as to have called forth deep and genuine admiration from the queen, and her especial thanks to the workers as well as to the donors of the valuable lace

shawl presented to her by the ladies of the Irish Industries Association. Who, looking at it, could connect this costly and artistic product with a few pale, poverty-stricken children gathered into a convent school in the terrible years of the famine (1847-1850) to be taught fine needlework as some resource against starvation? Yet this was the beginning from which sprang the now famous Irish Point.

Mother Magdalen Gould of the Presentation Convent, Youghal, was doing all that she could for the poor at this crisis; till, when every resource was exhausted, the idea occurred to another nun, Mother Mary Anne Smith, of teaching the poor children an industrial occupation. She had a piece of "Point de Milan," which she carefully unravelled and examined stitch by stitch, until she discovered how it had been made. Then she selected those of the convent children who had shown a taste for fine needlework, and taught them separately what she had just learned. So great was their aptitude, and so rapidly did the number of workers increase, that the convent lace school had to be opened in 1852.

Let it not be supposed that this lace is simply an imitation of the Italian model. At first the stitches were few; but with time and practice some hundred new ones have been invented, and these so complicated that it is almost impossible to rip them; consequently this lace, which looks light as gossamer, has great durability, and grows more valuable with the lapse of time. It stands wear and tear, and can be washed and made up without detriment. It is often compared to the finest old Brussels Point, which it more nearly resembles now than the Italian Point, from which it sprang. But, what between the number of new stitches invented by the lace-makers, the variety of the designs, and the perfection to which the work has been brought, the Irish Point has a right to its name as an original fabric, though "it only came into existence as an Irish industry within living memory."

It is made entirely with the needle,

and demands the greatest skill and care. The finest is very costly, rising to £80 a yard for deep flounces, £30 for a handkerchief and £50 for a fan.

An exquisite fan which was presented to the Duchess of York on her marriage by Lord Crewe was bought at the Irish Lace Depot, Grafton Street, Dublin, a most important agency for Irish needlework of all kinds, and one of which I must say a few words at the close of this article; for there I have seen some of the choicest specimens of lace, embroidery and other work, and heard many details of their production. There, too, I found that, costly as Irish Point can be, yet fan, flounce, or handkerchief may be had at from twenty shillings.

It must be confessed that Rose Point, or Inishmacsaint work, runs the "queen of Irish laces," the Irish Point of the south, a very close second. It is an exquisite fabric, at once delicate and rich.

Its origin as an industry also dates from that landmark of desolation in Irish history, the great famine, and from the efforts made by resident ladies to create remunerative employment for the girls living around them. Perceiving how quick they were to learn the use of the needle, they collected them into classes and taught them crochet-work, embroidery and lace-making. Many stories could be written of these efforts, and of the various industries which originated from them; but I must confine myself to telling that of the lace next in importance to the Irish Point.

Mrs. Maclean, wife of the rector of Tynan, county Armagh, was the teacher of this Rose, or Raised, Point (*punto in aria* is the term for the tiny "brides," or links, which join its sprays together); and the same thought which prompted Mother Mary Smith to unravel her "Point de Milan" till she found out the secret of the stitches caused Mrs. Maclean to carefully examine the torn part of a piece of Venetian Rose Point which she possessed, until, after patient search, she too discovered the art, and taught it to some

of the poor girls around, both teacher and workers patiently toiling on till the various stitches were perfectly understood. The first flounces made at Tynan were exhibited in London in 1851, and purchased by the Primate of Ireland. But, on the death of the Rev. William Maclean, the centre of the work was changed to county Fermanagh in 1865. And there, on the lovely shores of Lough Erne, do the girls carry on to this day the work taught them by Miss Maclean, who went to live there with her sister, Mrs. Tottenham, after the breaking up of the home in Tynan. A late writer on this subject (Miss D. Roberts) testifies that they are always improving, glad of old patterns from ladies who possess family lace, and very quick to follow out the designs and instructions of the teachers connected with South Kensington.

Inishmacsaint gives its name to the parish and the lace. It means "Isle of the Sorrel Plain." And by the white strand opposite the isle, or "inish," live the "bright-eyed, neat-handed girls" whom the writer mentioned above first saw sitting outside their cottages "in the full light of day, seeming to create the fairy-like fabric without any strain to the eyes, though the work is so minute that it takes some time to make a four-inch square of the lace." The same lady compared with this the modern Venetian Point lace, with the result of finding the Inishmacsaint much finer and more beautiful than the modern Venetian Rose Point, which she had the opportunity of examining at Venice and in the schools established by the Queen of Italy on the island of Murano, in the Venetian lagoons, for carrying on the making of old Venice lace, once of world-wide fame. The old Venetian Rose Point is very costly, and while the Rose Point made by the shores of Lough Erne quite equals it, the price is about a third of that given for the Italian lace.

This industry no longer depends on private patronage. Two of the lace-makers were sent by the late Mr. Lindsay, 76 Grafton Street, Dublin (Irish

Lace Depôt), to the School of Art in Dublin, that they might there learn to draw and design. And ever since this establishment has given constant employment to the Irish girls, who toil so patiently and lovingly at this beautiful product.

And now one word as to this Irish Lace Depôt, an agency worked by seven directors, wholly for the benefit of the workers—the directors, of whom Lady Aberdeen is president, receiving, of course, no emolument. The capital of the company is in debentures, and no dividend is paid to any shareholder. All productions of lace-work, embroideries, crochet, tatting, etc., are taken at the Irish Lace Depôt, whose representatives pay prompt cash and find a market for the goods in the United Kingdom. When workers are poor they make advances to sustain them while the work is being done; often, indeed, the full price is paid before it is received, and how much that sometimes means to the poor! An idea of the good that is done by this company may be gathered from the amount of wages paid annually to the workers, which is upwards of £12,000. And it is the intention, when the debentures are cleared off, to devote the profits to the workers who have made the goods, so that practically it will be a great co-operative concern.

This society sends first-class teachers, when desired, to the various districts, and all over Ireland women have learned to do work which brings them comfort and independence, keeping the roof over their heads in many instances.

Having begun by mentioning Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition as having been a veritable inspiration of great and timely help to Ireland, I cannot close without a word concerning Lady Aberdeen, without whom this lace exhibition could never have taken place. It was Lady Aberdeen's interest and personal efforts which gave the impetus that made it possible. It was she who organized the Irish Industries Association, and by extensive orders introduced various kinds of

Irish lace in quarters where it had been previously unknown—for instance, at the World's Fair at Chicago, where it was greatly admired, over £500 worth of orders being executed for this exhibition of one kind only (Kinsale lace); while everywhere in Ireland a declining tendency was checked and fresh heart and courage infused by the kind heart, the quick eye and the clever brain that had come to the help of the poor workers. Lady Aberdeen saw exactly what was wanted to place the struggling industries on a firm footing, and spared neither time, trouble nor expense in securing good designs and skilled artistic training for the workers. And Ireland does not forget this, and that it is to Lady Aberdeen she owes her late crowning hour of recognition in Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition.

I will only remark in conclusion that Irishwomen have developed positive genius (of head and hand) in the making of lace, and that the marvellous cleanliness with which the merest peasant keeps her handiwork often puts to shame the work done in a drawing-room.

MARY GORGES.

From The Speaker.

THE GREATEST OF SCOTTISH PREACHERS.

The sudden death of Dr. John Caird, exactly a day before his resignation of the office of principal of Glasgow University came into effect, has deprived Scotland of the greatest of her preachers and the most distinguished of her academic dignitaries. Certain of his admirers have gone a step further and declared that he was the greatest of pulpit rhetoricians that Great Britain has produced for at least a generation. Dean Stanley, in particular, declared that the sermon "Religion in Common Life," by the publication of which as it was preached before the queen at Crathie in 1855 Caird attained a world-wide reputation at a bound, was "the greatest single sermon of the century."

But Stanley ignored the superb oratorical endowments of Bishop Magee and Canon Liddon, not to speak of younger and still living Englishmen. It is enough for Caird's permanent fame that he was in the opinion of a nation of "sermon-tasters" the most accomplished and eloquent of its pulpitiess. Only one name—that of Thomas Chalmers—can be mentioned in the same breath with his. But Chalmers was forced by temperament and circumstances to play so many parts so strenuously that he had never time to become the consummate artist in preaching that Caird developed into before he reached three score. He was the founder of a Church. He was for years the energetic leader of a militant ecclesiastical party. He was, above all things, as he himself proudly said, "a tribune of the people." When his busy brain was not filled with the organization of Sustentation Funds or the fulmination of diatribes against Patronage, it was occupied with astronomy and political economy. It would be most unjust to Caird to say that he was a mere indifferent Gallois who cared for none of these things. No Scottish clergyman ever had a higher conception of the profession to which he belonged, or was prouder of the Church to which the fame of his preaching came as an effective reinforcement in its hour of need and waning popularity. All his life he was a resolute Liberal in theology; up to Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of Home Rule, he was a stout though silent Liberal in politics. But he knew his limitations; he was aware that he was not cut out for the work of General Assemblies or ecclesiastical committees or political associations. From the noise and bustle of these he turned him, like Arnold's Asiatic, "to his thought again," and still more to the work of preparing that thought for artistic presentation in the pulpit. And his many years of perseverance in doing with all his might what his hand and, still more, his silvery tongue found to do brought their reward. Up till the time when

failing health prevented him from drawing crowds to the University Chapel of Glasgow, he was regarded as no less indisputably the first of Scottish preachers than Mr. Gladstone was the first of British statesmen and Sir Henry Irving was the first of British actor-managers.

"John Caird," as the late principal of Glasgow University was universally styled by his countrymen with characteristically respectful Scottish familiarity, was not only a great artist in popular pulpit oratory, but he was an intense student. It might even be said that he was a great orator because he was a great student. He was eminently successful in the pulpit because he took infinite pains in the cloister, or, rather, in the study. No Scottish minister ever took less interest in the thousand little activities which in ordinary acceptation make up the clerical life. The moment he accepted a charge he let his congregation understand that he would preach to them to the best of his ability, but he would do nothing else. He absolutely refused to take part in those spiritual ministrations in Scotland known as "visiting," which at one time were regarded on the other side of the Tweed as indispensable. Congregation after congregation took him at his word. He invariably made an intellectually brilliant appearance on the first day of the week, and his hearers were quite content if he was invisible for the remaining six. To realize, indeed, the magic of Caird's magnetism, one would require to have seen him at his best, before he devoted himself to academic teaching, and while he was still a popular preacher in Glasgow. The visitor to his church noted, in the first place, his stoutish and not specially handsome figure, his strong head surmounted by a shock of unkempt hair, his large, dark eyes, and his clean-shaven face, suggesting a tragic actor of the old school. He began his sermon quietly enough, and in the approved Scotch style; he had got hold of a good theological idea in his text, and he proceeded to work it out labori-

ously and under "heads." The most notable feature of Caird's performance at this stage was his skilful and easy management of a very fine voice, and the absence of anything like a jarring Scotch accent. By and by he warmed to his work. As he seemed to steep his ideas in the mystical philosophy to which he adhered, and which the bulk of his congregation did *not* recognize as neo-Hegelianism, he showed his genuine dramatic faculty by various gesticulations, which, if not always graceful, were invariably effective. Finally the mystical philosophy merged or was lost, when the peroration was reached, in a sort of rhetorical ecstasy which carried even the habitual Caird-worshipper off his feet into a seventh heaven of spiritual delight. When the spell of voice and rapture was broken by the conclusion of the service, the visitor might fail to understand why or how he had been entranced. Caird was not a profound theologian, or even a pre-eminently lucid thinker; and he certainly did not reiterate the "fundamentals" of Scottish confessional orthodoxy. Nevertheless, it was evident that the preacher was a spiritually-intoxicated man, and had the capacity of sounding those depths of spirituality in the Scottish nature which are sealed to the stranger, who invariably associates it with thrift and "canniness" and an occasionally too obstreperous *ingenium perferridum*.

For the last thirty-five years of his life Caird had been identified with the University of Glasgow, first as professor of divinity and subsequently as principal. He was as successful in the lecture-room and at the academic council-board as he had been in the pulpit. As a university administrator he was tactful, and could spell "compromise" with a skill which astonished those who formed their judgment of him from what they saw of his pulpit raptures. As a theologian he was, as we have said, a convinced Liberal. But he was not aggressive in the presentation of his doctrines, and consequently a feeble attempt which was made some years ago to prosecute him for

heresy was laughed down by his fellow-countrymen. Although not a man of the world, but of the cloister, Caird was eminently popular with his fellow citizens of the busy commercial community of Glasgow. Although one of the most dignified of men, he was also one of the simplest. He did not keep aloof from municipal life, or even from public functions. On the contrary, he threw as much artistic grace into the reply to a toast as he threw into a sermon; he was recognized as, after Lord Rosebery, the most charming after-dinner speaker in Scotland. And yet he never stooped from the high moral pedestal which he chose for himself when he took orders in his Church. He was the queen's favorite preacher, yet he was never accused of Disraelian snobbishness. What Professor Huxley said of Goethe may be said of Caird: throughout all his honored years he was a student in literature, in philosophy and in life.

From *The Spectator*.
FASHIONS IN PASTIMES.

While a certain number of pastimes remain fairly constant in the hold which they exert over the affections of the British public, others are subject to considerable, or even astonishing, fluctuations. The curve of popularity, for example, described by croquet in the last thirty years would be something like the back of a dromedary. Most people deemed it dead beyond redemption, when it was all the while cultivated by an esoteric coterie of enthusiasts, and within the last few years it has emerged from obscurity to such good purpose as to compete effectively with the very game which apparently gave it its death-blow—lawn-tennis. The fluctuations of lawn-tennis, again, are in their way quite as remarkable. For a while it carried all before it. Everybody played the game, and the fact that it was practically the first active pastime in which the two sexes freely participated lent it an

immense social prestige. Then gradually it fell into the hands of specialists, and is now cultivated mainly by experts, the recent championship meeting at Wimbledon attracting an audience curiously unlike that which used to assemble in the days of the Renshaws. For lawn-tennis, from having been essentially a pastime for the upper classes, has now been abandoned in great measure by well-to-do, and almost wholly by "smart," people, and has found acceptance in a totally different social stratum. Thus at the present moment it is played extensively by board-school pupil-teachers at their "centres," and, in fine, after having begun life under comparatively aristocratic auspices—as the offshoot of the most aristocratic of all pastimes—it has already become *déclassé*, and but for the expense of the implements required would sink lower still in the social scale. Concurrently with the social decline of lawn-tennis, we have witnessed in the last decade the social promotion of bicycling, which was only discovered by the "classes" a few seasons back, after having been long regarded as a recreation only fit for bank clerks and mechanics; "cads on castors" they were all called. Yet another pastime, which from having been an accomplishment of the wealthy has happily been placed of late years within the reach of all classes of the community, is that of swimming. And here, so far from the democratizing of the pastime having impaired its vogue in aristocratic or plutocratic circles, one has only to point to the establishment of the Bath Club as a proof to the contrary. As for the duck-like proficiency of the modern street-arab, an amusing instance was recently furnished to the present writer by a school inspector. It appears that in a riverside quarter of London the attendance officer had the greatest difficulty in tracing truants, as they were in the habit of evading pursuit by plunging into the Thames.

It is impossible at the present day to write of pastimes and abstain from alluding to golf. One of the most re-

markable merits of that fascinating and exasperating pastime is that, although styled a "Royal" as well as an ancient game, it is hedged about by no class restrictions or exclusiveness, and is cultivated with equal enthusiasm by railway-porters and cabinet ministers. The association of amateurs and professionals in golf is attended with less friction and prejudice than in any other game, cricket not excepted. The professional status, again, is more generously and judiciously defined than in rowing, the institution on many greens of artisans' clubs, which contend in amicable rivalry with the ordinary amateurs, having worked with perfect smoothness. Golf in England, it may be added, has already outgrown the stage of a mania, and at the present moment the vast majority of its devotees play it because they like it, and not because it is the proper thing to do, or because it serves as an excuse for wearing highly colored hose, or promotes a thirst for sloe-gin or white port. The surrender of America to the charms of golf is even more remarkable, since, until its advent, the average American seemed unable to make leisure for any form of recreation. Cricket in America has only a small following, and most other pastimes are in the hands of professionals. But golf has changed all that, and now, throughout the length and breadth of the States, business men, to the great profit of their health if not the increase of their incomes, are in the habit of devoting one or more afternoons in the week to exercise on the links. Golf, in short, has succeeded, where all other temptations have failed, in rescuing the American from the grinding, but in the main self-imposed, tyranny of the office. And that this is no exaggerated picture of what has taken place may be gathered from the testimony of the *New York Evening Post*, a paper which is by no means given to over-estimate the importance of physical culture. As a set-off against these commanding merits, it may be urged that golf breeds a larger proportion of bores, or "shop" talkers, than any other game played

beneath the sun; also that the tyranny of constant competitions detracts in great measure from its attractiveness, and even value, as a recreation. Still, few pastimes have stood the test of an enormous expansion of popularity so well, or have been more fortunate in their literary and political hierophants. If base-ball had been championed by so graceful and convincing a pen as that of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, or cultivated by so interesting a personage as Mr. Balfour, it might have emerged from the stage of exotic existence which it still leads on our shores.

The leading tendency in modern pastime is to develop its spectacular aspect, mainly, if not entirely, from commercial motives. Over a great part of the Midlands and the North of England amateur football has been submerged by professionalism, and the clubs are financed by small syndicates, who engage players—generally from across the Border—and recoup themselves by the takings at the “gate.” Hence the anomaly of a football team named after the town for which they play, but not containing a single local player. These inter-club matches are witnessed by enormous crowds—ten thousand being quite an ordinary number—including most of the able-bodied youth of the neighborhood, who apparently prefer the Continental practice of hiring athletes to make sport for them to the older method of playing games themselves. Professional football, in fact, approximates more closely than any other institution, save that of the bull-ring, to the gladiatorial games of Imperial Rome. It is certainly exciting to watch, but it involves a great expenditure of money, encourages loafing, drinking and betting amongst the spectators, and develops in the football gladiator himself qualities which, to put it mildly, do not conduce to domestic happiness. Cricket, also, has been enormously developed on its spectacular side of late years, but, happily, the amateur element is still able to hold its own, and we do not find here that disparity between the numbers of those who play and those who look on which

is observable in the case of Association football. Every Saturday afternoon, for instance, the playing fields at Raynes Park are crowded with hundreds, almost thousands, of cricketers, with only a very small sprinkling of spectators, an infinitely healthier and more satisfactory spectacle to anyone who is interested in the physical well-being of the masses than that presented at a professional football match, when fifty thousand people, packed like sardines, will sacrifice a whole afternoon to witness the performance of two teams of mercenaries. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this cult of professional pastime was reached a year or so ago, when a leading daily paper, the organ of militant democracy, ardently advocated the introduction of the famous Basque game of *pelota*, because of its great spectacular possibilities. Now, *pelota* is undoubtedly a splendid game, as the most patriotic Britshers have reluctantly admitted; but it is so arduous and exhausting that for practical purposes it can only be played by highly trained experts of great strength or endurance—the Basques are men of marvellous physique—who for the rest are notorious for “selling” their matches. No, we have plenty of games, and plenty of professionalism, with all its attendant evils, without importing *pelota*. As it is, the *Chronicle* has testified its reverence for the dignity of the cricket professional by placing him on an equality with the amateur in the matter of initials, instead of calling him by his surname *tout court*. If *pelota* players were to be introduced we should probably be asked to elect them as honorary aldermen to the L. C. C.

From Household Words.
REVIVAL OF THE STEAM OMNIBUS.

To judge from the confabulations of companies and others interested in the subject of road traction, the motor-car boom, which originated some eighteen months ago, is, as far as public con-

veyances are concerned, to culminate in nothing more revolutionizing than the resuscitation of our grandfathers' steam omnibuses. This remark, however, must not be interpreted as a sneer; on the contrary, we have always thought that the possibilities offered by the steam road carriage have been very much neglected, for if many people are acquainted with the fact of the idea being no new one, few among them have any conception of the success to which this mode of locomotion once attained. In fact, it was entirely due to the avarice of toll-keepers and the hostility of road trustees that the steam vehicles which flourished sixty odd years ago were driven off the highways, just when their prospects seemed full of promise. From 1824 to 1838, two painstaking and inventive men, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney and Walter Hancock, did all in their power to further the scope of this means of locomotion, and though they eventually failed in their endeavors, the fault was not theirs.

Early in 1825 a scientific journal had demonstrated to its own satisfaction that it was impossible for a steam carriage to propel itself along a horizontal line on a common road without coming to grief, while the idea of it climbing hills was considered too absurd to be even entertained. Gurney's locomotive barouche, which made its débüt in the May of that year, fully disproved both, for it not only travelled from London to Edgware and back, but subsequently ran with ease up all the hills between London and Barnet, London and Stanmore, also up old Highgate Hill from Kentish Town, the gradient of which was one in twelve. During the following four years Gurney persevered to overcome every mechanical and practical difficulty in his steam coach; he simplified it, lightened it, and at last, from a print of it when completed, it must be owned that it compares very favorably with the motor-cars we see in the street to-day. In July, 1829, the patentee accomplished the journey from London to Bath and back again, at the inclusive

rate of speed of fifteen miles an hour. This feat, undertaken at the request of the quartermaster-general of the army, was the first long journey at a maintained speed ever made by any locomotive on road or rail. Sir Charles Dance, who had been a passenger on this occasion, shortly afterwards had a larger carriage constructed on similar lines to ply between Gloucester and Cheltenham, a distance of nine miles. This enterprise was started on February the twenty-first, 1831, and continued uninterruptedly, with two services each way every day except Sunday, until May the twenty-seventh, when the action of the road trustees in laying down loose stone across the road, eighteen inches deep, with the object of disabling the carriage, had that desired effect.

As the mails were also hindered by this obstruction, the postmaster-general was petitioned to indict the Trust, but in the course of the following week the proprietor learned that a vast number of Turnpike Bills had passed, and that more were passing through both Houses of Parliament, granting absolutely prohibitive tolls upon steam carriages. The only fair plea for such charges was that the weight of these carriages would permanently injure the roads, and though it was proved before a select committee that a more moderate scale of tolls, graduated according to weight and width of tire of wheel, would fairly meet the exigencies of the case, the prohibitory clauses were never repealed.

But although by the end of 1831 steam road carriages had been put out of court in the country, no such restrictions as yet existed in London and its neighborhood. Walter Hancock, a Stratford engineer, had for some years been experimenting with such vehicles, and no sooner had Gurney and Dance retired from the field than he came forward with steam omnibuses of his own manufacture. Hancock's carriages were both elegant and comfortable. Several steam-carriage companies had by this time been formed, notably the "London and Brighton" and the "Lon-

don and Paddington," and arrangements were entered into between their managers and Hancock for the latter to supply the rolling-stock. Between the years 1833 and 1836 the London steam omnibuses, each vehicle accommodating quite thirty persons, ran regularly between the city and the most important suburbs; in fact, during the last five months of 1836, twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty-one passengers were carried four thousand two hundred miles by these metropolitan coaches. One machine, by name the "Automaton," conveying thirty passengers, once ran for a mile on the Bow Road at the rate of twenty-one miles an hour. In short, setting aside all exaggeration, Hancock practically demonstrated that steam road travelling at the rate of from ten to fourteen miles an hour with passengers, and for goods and merchandise at from five to seven miles an hour, could be effected safely and at a cost much below the horse conveyances of the period.

But hardly had he won the confidence of the public by the immunity of his vehicles from serious accident, when the mismanagement of the companies with which he was connected caused the failure of the whole system. By the year 1840 all of the latter were bankrupt, and public attention was already diverted towards steam locomotion on rails. Almost simultaneously

with this loss of patronage, the Turnpike Acts which had vanquished Gurney and Dance were extended to include the whole of England, and this sealed the fate of the early London steam omnibuses. Hancock, accordingly, was compelled to turn his talents in another direction, and gradually the once promising story of these vehicles sank into oblivion.

In Scotland the steam omnibus had experienced a similar fate. Between Glasgow and Paisley, in the year 1834, a line of steam road carriages were proving a great success. These ran for many months, and the trip, a distance of seven and a half miles, was accomplished within forty-five minutes. To drive them off the road, the same tactics as had been pursued by the Cheltenham bigots were adopted. This led to a fatal accident, originating with the breaking of a wheel on a purposely thickly-metalled portion of the road, and caused the Court of Session to interdict the whole set of carriages from running.

Surely, with the examples we have furnished, it should be possible at the present day to construct steam omnibuses that would be pleasant to travel in, pay their way, and be a considerable improvement upon the horse conveyances, which, from the economic point of view, have little more than tradition to recommend them.

Lockjaw and Cycling.—The death of a young clergyman from lockjaw, following an abrasion of the skin caused by a bicycle accident, again recalls the risks which cyclists incur by neglecting ordinary precautions under these circumstances. The most dangerous wounds to be infected with the tetanus bacilli are punctured ones, inasmuch as the micro-organisms belong to the anaerobic class, which cannot flourish in the presence of oxygen. But any wound of the skin, superficial or otherwise, may become infected if care be not observed in thorough cleansing after its infliction. Hence cyclists should distinctly bear in mind that all

wounds caused by falls from the machine cannot be regarded as safe from tetanus infection until, without any delay, they have been thoroughly washed and cleansed with some trustworthy antiseptic, a procedure with regard to which fortunately there is no difficulty. At the inquest on this case a verdict was returned to the effect that death was due to lockjaw, "but whether it was caused by the accident there was not sufficient evidence to show." As a matter of fact, no reasonable doubt can exist as to the disease having been inoculated at the time of the accident.—*London Medical Press.*

The Living Age.—Supplement.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From The Review of Reviews.
BISMARCK'S CIGAR.

During the French war the first attempt at peace negotiations had ended in smoke, and when Jules Favre repaired to Versailles to resume the discussion which had been broken off at Ferrières, Bismarck represented that if the French still clung to their previous principle of "not an inch of our soil, not a stone of our fortresses!" it was useless to waste any more talk on the subject. "My time," he said, "is precious, so is yours, and I don't see why we should waste it. Moreover, you have come too late. For there, behind that door, is a delegate of the [captive] Emperor Napoleon III., and I am about to negotiate with him."

The prospect of the new republic being thus, after all, supplanted by the resuscitated empire filled Favre with a feeling of indescribable fear. Bismarck, perceiving at a glance the enormous advantage he had gained over his opponent, fixed his eyes on the door behind which he had (falsely) asserted the existence of a Bonapartist envoy and continued: "Besides, why should I treat with you? Why give to your republic an appearance of legality by signing a treaty with its representative? In reality you are only a band of rebels. Your emperor, should he be allowed by us to return from captivity in Germany, would be entitled to shoot you all down as traitors and rebels."

"But should he return," cried Favre with a face of horror, "there will be civil war and anarchy."

"Well," replied Bismarck with cynical indifference, "I do not see what harm that would do us Germans."

After some more altercation in this tone the chancellor rose as if to leave,

and grasped the handle of the door behind which the impatient delegate of Napoleon was supposed to be waiting; whereupon Favre, chalky-white with terror, sprang up and imploringly cried: "No! no! Not so! Have all you ask, but do not impose on France, after all her misfortunes, the shame of being again obliged to endure a Bonaparte."

The two resumed their seats, and what between playing off on the republican Favre a dummy delegate of the fallen emperor and dwelling on the superior merits of monarchy as a form of government for France, Bismarck at last gained his point, which involved the double principle of a cession of territory and a cash indemnity, and then the chancellor invited his visitor to join him at dinner.

The famished Favre (he had come out of besieged and starving Paris) ravenously devoured the viands which Bismarck set before him, but his stomach could not stand the Iron Chancellor's strong cigars. He did not smoke.

"You are wrong," said Bismarck. "When you enter on a discussion which may lead to vehement remarks you should smoke. When one smokes the cigar is held between the fingers; one must handle it, not allow it to fall, and thereby violent movements of the body are avoided or weakened. With regard to the mental condition, it does not deprive us of our intellectual capacity, but it produces a state of kindly repose. The cigar is a diversion, and this blue smoke which rises in curves and which the eye involuntarily follows pleases and renders us more flexible. The eye is occupied; the hand is engaged; the organ of smell is gratified; one is happy. In this state one is very disposed to make concessions; and our business—that of

diplomats—continually consists in the making of mutual concessions."

Like General Grant, Bismarck was always a constant smoker of the strongest cigars, and in his earlier days he even used to be what the Germans call a "chain-smoker"—that is to say, a man whose morning and night is connected by a chain of cigars, each link of which is lighted at the stump of its predecessor. One day when at Versailles during the French war Lord Odo Russell, English envoy at the German headquarters, went to call on Bismarck, but found him closeted with Count Harry Arним, who was known as the "Ape" from his fantastical ways. Lord Odo had not long to wait before the "Ape" came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he gasped, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window."

Presently my lord entered the sanctum of the chancellor, whom he also found fanning himself at the open casement.

"What strange tastes some people have!" exclaimed the prince. "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer and had to open the window."

Lord Odo Russell used to say that in diplomacy the cigarette had taken the place of a pinch of snuff—as an occupation which gave you time to ponder an answer to a question while only appearing to puff smoke. But Bismarck ever used a cigar instead of a cigarette, in war as well as in diplomacy.

"Do you remember, my dear general," said the prince once to Moltke as he passed round the Havanas at his dinner-table in Berlin, "the last time you accepted a cigar from me?"

"No, I cannot say I do," replied the great strategist.

"Well," rejoined Bismarck as he lighted his weed, "I myself shall never forget the occasion. It was on the day of Königgrätz, during the anxious time

when the battle stood still and we could neither go backward nor forward—when one aide-de-camp after another galloped off without ever returning, and we could get no news of the crown prince's coming. I began to feel frightfully uneasy, and my eyes wandered about in search of you. Looking round, I saw you standing not far off. You were gazing on the course of the battle with a look of the most serene indifference and the stump of a cigar in your mouth. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'if Moltke can go on smoking so calmly as that it can't be so very bad with us, after all.' So, riding up, I offered you my case, which contained two cigars, a good and a bad one. With the unerring glance of the true commander you selected the former. Gentlemen, I smoked the bad one myself after the battle, and I can assure you that I never had one in all my life that tasted half so well."

Another cigar incident was characteristic of the man. When the German troops entered Paris in triumphal procession after the French war, Bismarck, in full cuirassier uniform, rode in with them as far as the *Arc de Triomphe*, where, amid the gloomy mob of on-lookers, he espied a workman scowling at him with a villainous expression of hate and fumbling in the folds of his blouse for something which might have been a revolver. Turning his charger's head, Bismarck calmly rode up to this evil-looking fellow, and in the most polite manner begged the favor of a light to his cigar, which had gone out; and the immediate change in the man's expression showed that his malice had been completely disarmed.

From "Prince Bismarck: An Anecdotal Character Sketch." By Charles Lowe.

From Harper's Magazine.
PRECEDENTS FOR AMERICAN INTERVENTION.

At the moment while these words take form on paper, three expeditions of United States military and naval forces are being directed to different

colonial possessions of Spain. Such movements, however justified by national interests, seem at first sight abnormal: that a peaceful Christian nation should be despatching fleets, seizing islands, sending troops, subverting long-established colonial governments and distributing dynamite shells among malcontents—all this seems to many minds an aggressive departure from our national policy.

We Americans live so fast that we run away from our own history; we send men, ships and guns to the Caribbean Sea, the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian Ocean, without stopping to consider whether this is the first or the twentieth time we have organized such expeditions. Yet the history of the United States abounds in precedents of armed interventions and occupation, from which we may learn something of the occasions for such warfare, of the difficulties of the process, and of the method of administering foreign territory after it has been seized. So far from the expeditions of 1898 being abnormal, an examination of the diplomatic and military records of the United States shows more than sixty instances of actual or authorized use of force, outside our national jurisdiction; in about forty of these, military or naval force has been used or displayed; about thirty times there has been an occupation of territory, longer or shorter; in a dozen cases some of the territory thus affected has been eventually annexed to the United States.

The reasons which brought about the earlier interventions have now almost ceased to exist; our boundaries are established, our flag is respected, the most tempting near-by territory has been gained, the Isthmus question no longer requires much interference, and commerce is opened up all over the world. But as fast as one set of causes ceases to be effective, another arises. The necessity of dealing impressively with imperfectly civilized nations grows stronger as we come in contact with more of them, for to such people intervention is a swift and certain ar-

gument sure to be remembered. The appetite for annexation of foreign territory is hard to assuage; and interventions having annexations in view are war, and breed wars. Interventions in conjunction with other powers have so far been little known to our system—and our experience in Samoa is not reassuring.

Looking back over the course of military interventions since the United States became a nation, three conclusions stand out clearly. The first is the remarkable success of all the serious interventions and expeditions authorized by the federal government, with the exception of the invasions of Canada. The second is the increase of territory and prestige which the expeditions have brought to the nation, even when unrighteously undertaken. The third is the free hand which the United States has so far enjoyed in entering either American, Pacific or Oriental territory. But this last favorable condition has come to an end; henceforth whenever we send our ships and troops far outside of America we must confront a highly organized system of jealous foreign powers; and we must expect to find that no nation can share in the mastery of other hemispheres, and at the same time be sole master in its own hemisphere.

From "The Experiences of the United States in Foreign Military Expeditions." By Albert Bushnell Hart.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*.
PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S MOTHER.

A high, spacious bed-room, the corner room of our house, with a wide bed upon which our mother is lying, our baby chairs and tables standing close by, and the neatly served tables covered with sweets and jellies in pretty glass jars—a room into which we children are ushered at a strange hour—this is the first half-distinct reminiscence of my life.

Our mother was dying of consumption; she was only thirty-five years old.

Before parting with us forever, she had wished to have us by her side, to caress us, to feel happy for a moment in our joys, and she had arranged this little treat by the side of her bed which she could leave no more. I remember her pale, thin face, her big, dark brown eyes. She looked at us with love, and invited us to eat, to climb upon her bed; then all of a sudden she burst into tears and began to cough, and we were told to go.

Some time after, we children—that is, my brother Alexander and myself—were transferred from the big house to a small side house in the court-yard. The April sun filled the little rooms with its rays, but our German nurse, Madame Bürman, and Uliána, our Russian nurse, told us to go to bed. Their faces wet with tears, they were sewing for us black shirts bordered with broad white tassels. We could not sleep; the unknown frightened us, and we listened to their subdued talk. They said something about our mother which we could not understand. We jumped out of our beds, asking, "Where is mamma? Where is mamma?"

Both of them burst into sobs, and began to pat our curly heads, calling us "poor orphans," until Uliána could hold out no longer, and said, "Your mother is gone there—to the sky, to the angels."

"How to the sky? Why?" our infantile imagination in vain demanded.

This was in 1846. I was only three and a half years old, and my brother Sáša not yet five. Where our elder brother and sister, Nicholas and Hélène, had gone I do not know; perhaps they were already at school. Nicholas was twelve years old, Hélène was eleven; they kept together, and we knew them but little. So we remained, Alexander and I, in this little house, in the hands of Madame Bürman and Uliána. The good old German lady, homeless and absolutely alone in the wide world, took toward us the place of our mother. She brought us up as well as she could, buying us from time to time some simple toys, and over-feeding us with ginger cakes

whenever another old German, who used to sell such cakes—probably as homeless and solitary as herself—paid an occasional visit to our house. We seldom saw our father, and the next two years passed without leaving any impression on my memory.

Our mother was undoubtedly a remarkable woman for the times she lived in. Many years after her death, I discovered, in a corner of a storeroom of our country house, a mass of papers covered with her firm but pretty handwriting; diaries in which she wrote with ecstasy of the scenery of Germany, and spoke of her sorrows and her thirst for happiness; books which she had filled with Russian verses that no one was allowed to print then—among them the beautiful, historical ballads of Ryléeff, the poet whom Nicholas I. hanged in 1826; other books containing music, French dramas, verses of Lamartine, and Byron's poems that she had copied; and a great number of water-color paintings.

Tall, slim, adorned with a mass of dark chestnut hair, with dark brown eyes and a tiny mouth, she looks quite lifelike in a portrait in oils that was painted *con amore* by a good artist. Always lively and often careless, she was fond of dancing, and the peasant women in our village would tell us how she would admire from a balcony their ring-dances—slow and full of grace as an old minuet—and how finally she would herself join in them. She had the nature of an artist. It was at a ball that she caught the cold that produced the inflammation of the lungs which brought her to the grave.

All who knew her loved her. The servants simply worshipped her memory. It was in her name that Madame Bürman took care of us, and in her name the Russian nurse bestowed upon us her love. While combing our hair, or signing us with the cross in our beds, the latter would often say, "And your mamma must now look upon you from the skies, and shed tears on seeing you, poor orphans." Her memory passed through our childhood and

cheered it. How often, in some dark passage, the hand of a servant would touch Alexander or me with a caress; or a peasant woman, on meeting us in the fields, would ask, "Will you be as good as your mother was? She took compassion on us. You will, surely." "Us" meant, of course, the serfs. I do not know what would have become of us if we had not found in our house, amidst the serf servants, that atmosphere of love which children must have around them. We were her children, we bore likeness to her, and they lavished their care upon us, "sometimes in a touching form, as will be seen later on.

Men passionately desire to live after death, but they often pass away without noticing the fact that the memory of a really good person always lives. It is impressed upon the next generation, and is transmitted again to the children. Is not that an immortality worth striving for?

From "The Autobiography of a Revolutionist."
By Prince Kropotkin.

From The Bookman.
"ALLOWABLE" RHYMES.

If verse is something to be said or sung, if its appeal is to the ear primarily, if rhyme is a terminal identity of sound, then any theory of "allowable" rhymes is impossible, since an "allowable" rhyme is necessarily inexact, and thus may tend to withdraw attention from the matter of the poem to its manner. No doubt there are readers who do not notice the incompatibility of these matings, and there are others who notice, yet who do not care; but the more accurately trained the ear is, the more likely these alliances are to annoy, and the less exact the rhyme the more likely the ear is to discover the discrepancy. The only safety for the rhymester who wishes to be void of all offence is to risk no union of sounds against whose marriage anybody knows any just cause of impediment. Perhaps a wedding

within the prohibited degrees may be allowed to pass without protest now and again, but sooner or later somebody will surely forbid the banns.

Just as a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable gives us a shock, so does the attempt of Mrs. Browning to pair off "remember" and "chamber;" so may also the attempt of Mrs. Browning's correspondent to mate "heaven" and "given," and of Tennyson to unite "river" and "forever," and of Poe to link together "valleys" and "palace." The lapse from the perfect ideal may be but a trifle, but a lapse it is, nevertheless. A certain percentage of our available attention may thus be wasted, and worse than wasted; it may be called away from the poem itself, and absorbed suddenly by the mere versification. For a brief moment we may be forced to consider a defect of form, when we ought to have our minds absolutely free to receive the poet's meaning. Whenever a poet cheats us of our expectancy of perfect rhyme, he forces us to pay exorbitant freight charges on the gift he has presented to us.

It is to be noted, however, that as rhyme is a matching of sounds, certain pairs of words whose union is not beyond reproach can hardly be rejected without pedantry, since the ordinary pronunciation of cultivated men takes no account of the slight differences of sound audible if the words are uttered with absolute precision. Thus Tennyson in the "Revenge" rhymes "Devon" and "Heaven;" and thus Lowell in the "Fable for Critics" rhymes "irresistible" and "unwistable." In "Elsie Venner" Dr. Holmes held up to derision "the inevitable rhyme of Cockney and Yankee beginners, 'morn' and 'dawn';" but, at the risk of revealing myself as a Yankee of New York, I must confess that any pronunciation of this pair of words seems to me stilted that does not make them quite impeccable as a rhyme.

It is in "Adventurers of Philip" that Thackeray records his hero's disapproval of a poet who makes "fire" rhyme with "Marire." Even if the

rhyme is made accurate to the ear, it is only by convicting the lyrist of carelessness of speech—not to call it vulgarity of pronunciation. But Doctor Holmes himself, sharp as he was upon those who rhymed "dawn" and "morn," was none the less guilty of a peccadillo quite as reprehensible—"Elizas" and "advertisers." Whittier ventured to chain "Eva" not only with "leave her" and "receive her," which suggest a slovenly utterance, but also with "give her," "river" and "never," which are all of them wrenched from their true sounds to force them unto a vain and empty semblance of a rhyme. A kindred Cockney recklessness can be found in one of Mrs. Browning's misguided modernizations of Chaucer:—

Now grant my ship some smooth haven
win her,
I follow Statius first, and then Corinna.

In each of these cases the poet takes out a wedding license for his couplet only at the cost of compelling the reader to miscall the names of these ladies, and to address them as "Mare," "Elizer," "Ever" and "Corinner;" and though the rhymes themselves are thus placed beyond reproach, the poet is revealed as regardless of all delicacy and precision of speech. Surely such a vulgarity of pronunciation is as disenchanting as any vulgarity in grammar.

Far less offensive than this wilful slovenliness, and yet akin to it, is the trick of forcing an emphasis upon a final syllable which is naturally short, in order that it may be made to rhyme with a syllable which is naturally long. For example, in this exquisite lyric of Lovelace's, "To Althea from Prison," in the second quatrain of the second stanza we find that we must prolong the final syllable of the final word:—

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

Here the rhyme evades us unless we read the last word "libertee." But

what then are we to do with the same word in the second quatrain of the first stanza? To get his rhyme here, the poet insists on our reading the last word "libertie":—

When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

Lovelace thus forces us not only to give an arbitrary pronunciation to the final word of his refrain, but also to vary this arbitrary pronunciation from stanza to stanza, awkwardly arresting our attention to no purpose, when we ought to be yielding ourselves absolutely to the charm of his most charming poem. Many another instance of this defect in craftsmanship can be discovered in the English poets, one of them in a lyric by that master of metrics, Poe, who opens the "Haunted Palace" with a quatrain in which "tenanted" is made to mate with "head":—

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.

In the one poem of Walt Whitman's in which he seemed almost willing to submit to the bonds of rhyme and metre, and which—perhaps for that reason partly—is the lyric of his now best known and best beloved, "O Captain, My Captain," certain of the rhymes are possible only by putting an impossible stress upon the final syllables of both words of the pair:—

The port is near, the bells I hear, the
people all *exulting*,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the
vessel grim and *daring*.

And again:

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths,
for you the shores *a-crowding*;
For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces *turning*.

In all these cases—Lovelace's, Poe's, Whitman's—we find that the Principle of Economy of Attention has been violated, with a resulting shock which di-

minishes somewhat our pleasure in the poems, delightful as they are, each in its several way. We have been called to bestow a momentary consideration on the mechanism of the poem, when we should have preferred to reserve all our power to receive the beauty of its spirit.

It may be doubted whether any pronunciation, however violently dislocated, can justify Whittier's joining of "bruised" and "crusade" in his "To England," or Browning's conjunction of "windows" and "Hindoos" in his "Youth and Art." In "Cristina" Browning tries to combine "moments" and "endowments;" in his "Another Way of Love" he conjoins "spider" and "consider;" and in his "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" he binds together "horsehairs" and "Corsair's." Perhaps one reason why Browning has made his way so slowly with the broad public—whom every poet must conquer at last, or in the end confess defeat—is that his rhymes are sometimes violent and awkward, and sometimes complicated and arbitrary. The poet has revelled in his own ingenuity in compounding them, and so he flourishes them in the face of the reader. The Principle of Economy of Attention demands that in serious verse the rhyme must be not only so accurate as to escape remark, but also wholly unstrained. It must seem natural, necessary, obvious, even inevitable, or else our minds are wrested from a rapt contemplation of the theme to a disillusioning consideration of the sounds by which it is bodied forth.

"Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read," said Coleridge, "bears about the same relation to metre, properly understood, that dumb-bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe, too, I think." A master of metre Browning proved himself again and again, very inventive in the new rhythms he introduced, and almost unfailingly felicitous; and yet there are poems of his in which the rhymes impose on the reader a steady muscular exercise. In "The Glove," for example, there not

only abound manufactured rhymes, each of which in turn arrests the attention, and each of which demands a most conscientious articulation before the ear can apprehend it; but with a persistent perversity the poet puts the abnormal combination first, and puts last the normal word with which it is to be united in wedlock. Thus "aghast I'm" precedes "pastime," and "well swear" comes before "elsewhere." This is like presenting us with the answer before propounding the riddle.

In comic verse, of course, difficulty gayly vanquished may be a part of the joke, and an adroit and unexpected rhyme may be a witicism in itself. But in the "Ingoldsby Legends" and in the "Fable for Critics" it is generally the common word that comes before the uncommon combination the alert rhymester devises to accompany it. When a line of Barham's ends with "Mephistopheles" we wonder how he is going to solve the difficulty, and our expectation is swiftly gratified with "coffee lees;" and when Lowell informs us that Poe

. . . talks like a book of iamb and pentameters,

we bristle our ears while he adds:—

In a way to make people of common sense
damn metres.

But "The Glove" is not comic in intent; the core of it is tragic, and the shell is at least romantic. Perhaps a hard and brilliant playfulness of treatment might not be out of keeping with the psychologic subtlety of its catastrophe; but not a few readers resentfully reject the misplaced ingenuity of the wilfully artificial double rhymes. The incongruity between the matter of the poem and the manner of it attracts attention to the form, and leaves us the less for the fact.

It would be interesting to know just why Browning chose to do what he did in "The Glove" and in more than one other poem. He had his reasons, doubtless, for he was no unconscious warbler of unpremeditated lays. If he

refused to be loyal to the Principle of Economy of Attention, he knew what he was doing. It was not from any heedlessness—like that of Emerson when he recklessly rhymed “wood-pecker” with “bear;” or like that of Lowell when he boldly insisted on rhyming the same “woodpecker” with “hear.” Emerson and Lowell—and Whittier also—it may be noted, were none of them enamored of technique; and when a couplet or a quatrain or a stanza of theirs happened to attain perfection, as these do not infrequently, we cannot but feel it to be only a fortunate accident. They were not untiring students of versification, forever seeking to spy out its mysteries and to master its secrets, as Milton was, and Tennyson and Poe.

So long as the poet gives us rhymes exact to the ear and completely satisfactory to the sense to which they appeal, he has solid ground beneath his feet; but if once he leaves this, then is chaos come again. Admit “given” and “heaven,” and you cannot deny “chamber” and “remember.” Having relinquished the principle of uniformity of sound, you land yourself logically in the wildest anarchy. Allow “shadow” and “meadow” to be legitimate, and how can you put the bar sinister on “hear” and “woodpecker?” Indeed, I fail to see how you can help feeling that John Phoenix was unduly harsh when he rejected the poem of a Young Astronomer beginning, “O would I had a telescope with fourteen slides!” on account of the atrocious attempt in the second line to rhyme “Pleiades” with “slides.”

Just as every instance of bad grammar interferes with the force of prose, so in verse every needless inversion and every defective rhyme interrupts the impression which the poet wishes to produce. The greatest poets have accepted the obligation, and there is scarcely an imperfect rhyme in all Shakespeare’s works and in all Milton’s. And there are really very few in Pope’s poems, although there may seem to be many, for since Queen

Anne’s day our language has modified its pronunciation here and there, leaving only to the Irish now the “tea” which is a perfect rhyme to “obey,” and the “join” which is a perfect rhyme to “line.”

From “An Inquiry as to Rhymes.” By Brander Matthews.

From The Cosmopolitan.
“HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.”

With the novel of the moment—Mrs. Humphrey Ward’s latest—in my hand, my fancy goes back wistfully to that immortal party of Pilgrims outside the Tabard at Southwark and to that “Younge Squire” in whom we may read an image of Chaucer’s own youth and the lusty life of “merry England.”

Singing he was, or fluting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.

Mrs. Ward as rather like that admirable Prioress—

Her greatest oathe was but by St. Loy.

In “Helbeck of Bannisdale” she has returned to the drama of theologic discord with which her first success was won. As in “Robert Elsmere,” she shows religion putting asunder whom God hath joined together. But there is a superior art now, a more impersonal detachment. Mrs. Ward began by tilting at Christianity; she does not now tilt at even the Roman Catholic form of it. She uses religion in the right and only way in which a novelist may use it, in its effects on souls, for its Rembrandtesque lights and shadows, and she holds the balance fairly between supernatural religion and the natural religion which has begun to replace it. And yet in this very impartiality one feels rather the essayist than the born novelist. There is, toward the end of the book, an exposition of its theme, in which one sees, as it were, the skeleton which the essayist handed over to the novelist to be clothed with flesh. “And then, my dear, she must needs fall in love with this man, this

Catholic! Catholicism at its best—worse luck! No mean or puerile type, with all its fetishisms and unreasons on its head—no!—a type sprung from the best English blood, disciplined by heroic memories, by the persecution and hardships of the penal laws. What happens? Why, of course the girl's imagination goes over! Her father in her—her temperament—stand in the way of anything more. But where is she to look for self-respect, for peace of mind? She feels herself an infidel—a moral outcast. She trembles before the claims of this great visible system. Her reason refuses them—but why? She cannot tell. For heaven's sake, why do we have our children's minds empty like this? If you believe, my good friend, Educate! And if you doubt, still more—Educate! Educate!" It is impossible to read what Mrs. Ward the novelist has made of the theme set her by Mrs. Ward the essayist without admiring her powers, or without wondering how a woman who has so much talent can have so little. For you have only to think of the born novelists of our epoch, of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson, to realize how every sentence, every well-patterned period of Mrs. Ward's, is empty of the true divine fire. It is only in this negative way that I can convince myself out of the admiration with which the reading of her last book has inspired me. She creates character, she paints scenery, she interprets both religious and sexual passion, and she evolves her story with an artistic movement which no Frenchman could surpass, to a tragic climax adequately impressive, or "cathartic," as Aristotle might say.

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same.

Probably it is humor that is wanting—humor, without which one may be a great anything, save only a great novelist. Scott, Shakespeare, Jane Austen—think of any of these without humor.

And therefore it is that her figures lack interest and charm. There is something of the same flat painting of life—immeasurably higher though the plane be—which we get in the cheap novellettes so hungrily devoured by the un-educated female. Laura's entry into the Squire's household, her falling in love with the strange, haughty, dark man—this is the very stuff of which the *Family Herald* is made, a far-off echo of "Jane Eyre." And in the absence of the revelation of a new creative temperament, we are haunted throughout with shadowy reminiscences of other novels; with vague refractions of original artistic vision. Laura is not unlike Maggie of "The Mill on the Floss," and it is impossible not to be reminded of that book by the tragic flood at the close. "The Bride of Lammermoor," too, flits through the mind, and—at the opposite pole—"The Christian." The first visit of Laura to the Mason Farm somehow recalls the wonderful opening of "Wuthering Heights," and if you will read the first chapter of poor Emily Brontë, after reading the last chapter of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," you will not think that this criticism is conceived in a carping spirit. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has written a tragedy full of intellectual interest, with passages of insight, and touches of imagination, and lacking only in humor and the elemental thrill of great art.

From "In the World of Art and Letters." By
I. Zangwill.

From the New England Magazine.
THE SATURDAY CLUB.

During the first decade of its existence, at least, before other clubs in great numbers had been organized, the Saturday Club was of real service to its members. It gave them social recreation, and it brought to them mental stimulus. It brought together many distinguished people, as Doctor Holmes mentions, and it was a place where the intellectual leaders of the city could meet men from other cities and other

countries in a friendly and happy way. "At one end of the table," says Doctor Holmes, "sat Longfellow, florid, quiet, benignant, soft voiced, a most agreeable rather than a brilliant talker, but a man upon whom it was always pleasant to look—whose silence was better than any other man's conversation. At the other end of the table sat Agassiz, robust, sanguine, animated, full of talk, boy-like in his laughter." Mrs. Agassiz says that her husband was especially attached to the club; and Doctor Holmes remarks that "the most jovial man at table was Agassiz, his laugh was that of a big giant." Around him were usually grouped the men of wit, and those who most enjoyed laughter and fun. In this connection Jules Marcou, the biographer of Agassiz, has said that the members "lingered long round the table, while hour after hour passed in animated conversation, in which *bon mots* and repartees were exchanged as rapidly as a discharge of fireworks—an encounter of anecdote, wit and erudition. At such times Agassiz was at his best, with his inexhaustible *bonhomie*. With a lighted cigar in each hand, he would force the attention of every one around him. Excited by the pyrotechnic wit of James Russell Lowell, Judge Rockwell Hoar and Doctor Holmes, Agassiz, whose vivid imagination was always on the *qui vive*, was not a man to let others eclipse him. Then would come one of his made-up stories—a mixture of dream and science. If he thought any one in the company was doubting its truth, he would look at him with a dumb request not to betray him. On the next occasion he would repeat the same story without any hesitation, and the third time he told it, he was sure that it really happened, and was true."

Lowell said nothing about the club in his letters, so far as they have been published; but he wrote to Motley, when ambassador of the United States to Great Britain: "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday club."

Doctor Holmes said that he was not

able to forget the very modest, delicate, musical way in which Longfellow read his charming verse addressed to Agassiz on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday; and Mrs. Agassiz says the poet had an exquisite touch for occasions of this kind, whether serious or mirthful. If the wit and laughter of the club flowed around Agassiz, the quieter conversation secured its opportunity near Longfellow, on whose left Emerson most often found his place. Longfellow often spoke of the club in his diary, and with evident enjoyment and appreciation of its meetings. He seldom does more than mention his attendance, with perhaps some brief word as to who was present and what was done of special importance; but his frequent reference to it indicates how much it was in his life for some years.

Emerson was described by Doctor Holmes as usually sitting near the Longfellow end of the table, "talking in low tones and carefully measured utterances to his neighbor or listening and recording any stray word worth remembering on his mental photograph." "I went to the club last Saturday," wrote Holmes to Motley, in April, 1870, "and met some of the friends you always like to hear of. I sat by the side of Emerson, who always charms me with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about among the words of his vocabulary, and at last seizing his noun or adjective—the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought." "I well remember, amongst other things," says Doctor Holmes again, "how the club would settle itself to listen when Dana had a story to tell. Not a word was missed, and those who were absent were told at the next club what they had lost. Emerson smoked his cigar and was supremely happy, and laughed under protest when the point of the story was reached." Probably no one attended the club more regularly than Emerson, for he greatly enjoyed the meetings; and he was wont to praise the brilliant conversation he heard there. His own attitude

was that of an eager listener, and he took less satisfaction in speaking himself than in hearing the clever men about him. In 1864, when the club held a Shakespearean anniversary meeting, he rose to speak, stood for a minute or two, and then quietly sat down. Speech did not come, and he serenely permitted silence to speak for him. Emerson continued his connection with the club until about 1875, always taking a warm interest in the meetings, until his failing speech and memory made them no longer attractive to him.

No one can doubt that Doctor Holmes furnished his full share of the wit and wisdom of the club. He has written of it in his biographies of Motley and Emerson, as well as on other occasions. In his letters it was a frequent subject of mention, especially to those correspondents, like Motley and Lowell, who were themselves members of the club. He first mentioned it in his biography of Motley, and then said that "it offered a wide gamut of intelligences, and the meetings were noteworthy occasions. The vitality of this club has depended in a great measure on its utter poverty in statutes and by-laws, its entire absence of formalism and its blessed freedom from speech-making." His biographer says that outside of his own front door there was nothing that gave him so much pleasure as did the Saturday Club. "He loved it; he hugged the thought of it." He could not keep its affairs out of his letters, and he gossiped about its doings with a flowing pen. Evidently it had a large place in his heart, because of the fellowship it gave him, and because of the noble men with whom it brought him into frequent contact.

In writing to Motley, in February, 1861, Holmes shows how important the club had already become in his life, for he says: "The club has flourished greatly, and proved to all of us a source of the greatest delight. I do not believe there ever were such agreeable periodical meetings in Boston as these we have had at Parker's." Writing to the same friend, in 1865, he again expresses his interest in the club meet-

ings. "What a fine thing it would be," he says, "to see you back at the Saturday club again! Longfellow has begun to come again. He was at his old place, the end of the table, at our last meeting. We have had a good many of the notabilities here within the last three or four months; and I have been fortunate enough to have some pleasant talks with most of them."

From "The Saturday Club." By George Willis Cooke.

From Scribner's Magazine.
"SCAPA."

England has a society—so far as has been ascertained it has no branch or fellow in America—to preserve and reclaim natural scenery from the clutch of "the modern highwayman," the modern advertiser. Its aim is not chimerical, since it does not undertake to abolish obnoxious advertisements. "A world entirely free from advertisements," wrote one of its most distinguished members, Sir E. J. Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, to a recent conference, "is a dream too enchanting to be realized." Its limited purpose is well set forth in its somewhat formidable title: "The National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising"—a title abbreviated for every-day purposes to the suggestively savage nondescript "Scapa." That modest aim is to "start scattered cases of blissful repose which little by little shall extend their borders." Its membership of more than one thousand is not made up of mere sentimentalists, such as artists, although naturally enough many of them belong to it—it having included the late Lord Leighton and the late Sir John Millais. In that membership, by the evidence of Richardson Evans, Esq., the society's honorary secretary and energetic manager, are "many who are eminent as heads of departments, as jurists, political economists, or 'captains of industry.' We are particu-

larly strong in men of science;" this last being somewhat unexpected evidence to the fact that devotion to science is not necessarily fatal to esthetic sensitiveness.

Examination of the society's now somewhat voluminous literature—isued mainly as tracts for the times—discloses some unthought-of obstacles to its work quite apart from the inertia of an expected general indifference. For one thing, the profit to the advertiser's landlord is surprising. As Sir Leppel Griffin puts it, the "overburdened agriculturist can often get from his crop of posters more than he can get from his crop of wheat." In the South Islington district of London there is a small empty lot which, it is stated, is enclosed, while waiting for some one to build on it, "with immense hoardings announcing all the tradesmen in the neighborhood." These advertisements "pay a very fair interest on the actual value of the land." The society's ingenious counter-argument, so far as the country is concerned, is that whatever "spoils scenery"—to use an American phrase—drives English people to the Continent when seeking country living, for there the nuisance is much less general. This argument has been pushed with tangible results at some of the English seaside resorts. Mr. Evans thinks it would even pay a syndicate to secure a tract of country, and advertise its freedom from advertisements as an attraction—a suggestion so full of delightful unmodern possibilities that one wishes the syndicate could be found to make the venture. In trying to educate public sentiment, too, it has to be remembered that the bizarre effects of garish colors, hideous pictures and startling announcements, so offensive to the more cultivated, "positively brighten the life of some in the crowd." Taken away, these persons would actually miss something which varies the monotony of the daily journeys between home and work. That there is hope for the slow process of education is seen, as one member notes, by the great in-

crease in thirty or forty years of the popular love for flowers. To-day they are sold on the poorer streets of London and other cities where once they were sold only on the more fashionable streets. In this connection one member suggests that popular magic-lantern exhibitions of advertising monstrosities (gathered by amateur photographers during wheeling trips) would greatly aid in popularizing the reform; while another would agitate for a censor of advertisements—like the censor of plays—in the hope that the demand for discrimination might follow a wise administration of his office.

Ingenuity of invention in devising possible ways for suppressing the worst disfigurements of advertising is after all more than matched by the ingenuity of the advertisers themselves in inventing new monstrosities. The latest of these is reported in North London—a windmill thirty feet high, to whose arms are attached gaudily painted advertising boards, ten feet square. In the face of such vicious aggressiveness, the society seeks to save the future of scenery by sane methods that will command general support. Only a few members seriously advocate a hopeless appeal to the government to bring in a bill, ostensibly for revenue, imposing a duty of so much per square foot on exposed advertisements, to compel advertisers to limit the size of their unsightly placards. But the society is earnestly and unitedly agitating for the Rural Advertisements bill, which proposes to give to county councils power to regulate advertising in non-urban districts. It is hoped that the House of Commons can be induced in the near future to appoint a commission of investigation. One of the great obstacles to progress is the lack by local authorities of power to act. Some twenty cases of attempts in various parts of Great Britain to check advertising abuses are reported in the society's last annual statement.

From "The Point of View."

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

LEDSCHA, THE MODEL FOR ARACHNE.

Ledscha leaned thoughtfully against one of the pillars that supported the roof, and the artist's eyes watched her intently; every movement seemed to him noble and worth remembering.

With her hand shading her brow, she gazed upward to the full moon.

Hermon had already delayed speaking to her too long, but he would have deemed it criminal to startle her from this attitude. So must Arachne have stood when the goddess, in unjust anger, raised the weaver's shuttle against the more skilful mortal; for while Ledscha's brow frowned angrily, a triumphant smile hovered around her mouth. At the same time she slightly opened her exquisitely formed lips, and the little white teeth which Hermon had once thought so bewitchingly beautiful glittered between them.

At last she called Hermon's name in such keen suspense that it fell upon his ear like a shrill cry.

"Ledscha," he answered warmly, extending both hands to her in sincere sympathy; but she did not heed the movement, and her tone of calm self-satisfaction surprised him as she answered: "So you seek me in misfortune? Even the blind man knows how to find me here."

"I would far rather have met you again in the greatest happiness!" he interrupted gently. "But I am no longer blind. The immortals again permit me, as in former days, to feast my eyes upon your marvellous beauty."

A shrill laugh cut short his words, and the "Not blind!" which fell again and again from her lips sounded more like laughter than speech.

There are tears of grief and of joy, and the laugh which is an accompaniment of pleasure is also heard on the narrow boundary between suffering and despair.

It pierced the artist's heart more deeply than the most savage outburst of fury, and when Ledscha gasped:

"Not blind! Cured! Rich and possessed of sight, perfect sight!" he understood her fully for the first time, and could account for the smile of satisfaction which had just surprised him on her lips.

He gazed at her, absolutely unable to utter a word; but she went on speaking, while a low, sinister laugh mingled with her tones: "So this is avenging justice! It allows us women to be trampled under foot, and holds its hands in its lap! My vengeance! How I have lauded Nemesis! How exquisitely my retaliation seemed to have succeeded! And now? It was mere delusion and deception. He who was blind sees. He who was to perish in misery is permitted, with a sword at his side, to gloat over our destruction. Listen, if the good news has not already reached you! I, too, am condemned to death. But what do I care for myself? Even less than those to whom we pray and offer sacrifices for the betrayed woman. Now I am learning to know them! Thus Nemesis thanks me for the lavish gifts I have bestowed upon her? Just before my end she throws you, the rewarded traitor, into my way! I must submit to have the hated foe, whose blinding was the sole pleasure in my ruined life, look me in the face with insolent joy."

Hermon's quick blood boiled.

With fierce resentment he grasped her hand, which lay on the rope, pressed it violently in his strong clasp, and exclaimed. "Stop, mad woman, that I may not be forced to think of you as a poisonous serpent and repulsive spider!"

Ledscha had vainly endeavored to withdraw her hand while he was speaking. Now he himself released it; but she looked up at him in bewilderment, as if seeking aid, and said sadly: "Once—you know that yourself—I was different—even as long as I supposed my vengeance had succeeded. But now? The false goddess has baffled every means with which I sought to

punish you. Who averted the sorest ill treatment from my head? And I was even defrauded of the revenge which it was my right, nay, my duty, to exercise."

She finished the sentence with drooping head, as if utterly crushed, and this time she did not laugh, but Hermon felt his wrath transformed to sympathy, and he asked warmly and kindly if she would let nothing appease her, not even if he begged her forgiveness for the wrong he had done her, and promised to obtain her life, nay, also her liberty.

Ledscha shook her head gently, and gravely answered: "What is left me without hate? What are the things which others deem best and highest to a miserable wretch like me?"

Here Hermon pointed to the bridge-builder, bound to the post, saying, "Yonder man led you away from the husband whom you had wedded, and from him you received compensation for the love you had lost."

"From him?" she cried furiously, and, raising her voice in a tone of the most intense loathing: "Ask yonder scoundrel himself! Because I needed a guide, I permitted him to take me away from my beloved husband. Because he would help me to shatter the new and undeserved good fortune which you—yes, you—do you hear?—enjoyed. I remained with him among the Gauls. More than one Alexandrian brought me the news that you were revelling in golden wealth, and the wretch promised to make you and your uncle beggars if the surprise succeeded. He did this, though he knew it was you who took him up from the road and saved his life; for nothing good and noble dwells in his knavish soul. He yearned for me, and still more ardently for the Alexandrians' gold. Worse than the wolf that licked the hand of the man who bandaged its wounds, he would have shown his teeth to the preserver of his life. I have learned this, and if he dies here of starvation and thirst he will receive only what he deserves. He knows, too, what I think of him. The greedy beast of prey was not permitted even to touch my hand. Just ask him!"

There he is. Let him tell you how I listened to his vows of love. Before I would have permitted yonder wretch to recall to life what you crushed in this heart—"

Here Lutarus interrupted her with a flood of savage, scarcely intelligible curses, but very soon one of the guards, who came out of the hut, stopped him with a lash.

When the Gaul, howling under the blows, was silenced, Hermon asked, "So your mad thirst for vengeance also caused this suicidal attack?"

"No," she answered simply; "but when they determined upon the assault, and had killed their leader, Belgius, yonder monster stole to their head. So it happened—I myself do not know how—that they also obeyed me, and I took advantage of it and induced them to begin with your house and Archias's. When they had captured the royal palaces, they intended to assalt the Temple of Demeter also."

"Then you thought that even the terrible affliction of blindness would not suffice to punish the man you hated?" asked Hermon.

"No," she answered firmly; "for you could buy with your gold everything which life offers except sight, while in me—yes, in me—gloom darker than the blackest night shrouded my soul. Through your fault I was robbed of all, all that is dear to woman's heart: my father's house, his love, my sister. Even the pleasure in myself which had been awakened by your sweet flatteries was transformed by you into loathing."

"By me?" cried Hermon, amazed by the injustice of this severe reproach; but Ledscha answered his question with the resolute assertion, "By you and you alone!" and then impatiently added: "You, who, by your art, could transform mortal women into goddesses, wished to make me a humiliated creature, with the rope which was to strangle her about her neck, and at the same time the most repulsive of creeping insects. 'The hideous, grey, eight-legged spider!' I exclaimed to myself, when I raised my arms and saw my shadow on the sunlit ground. 'The

spider!" I thought, when I shook the distaff to draw threads from the flax in leisure hours. "Your image?" I said, when I saw spiders hanging in dusty corners, and catching flies and gnats. All these things made me a horror to myself. And at the same time to know that the Demeter, on whom you bestowed the features of the daughter of Archias, was kindling the whole great city of Alexandria with enthusiasm, and drawing countless worshippers to her sanctuary! She, an object of adoration to thousands, I—the much-praised beauty—a horror to myself! This is what fed my desire for vengeance with fresh food by day and night; this urged me to remain with yonder wretch; for he had promised, after pillaging the royal palaces, to shatter your Demeter, the image of the daughter of Archias, which they lauded and which brought you fame and honor—it was to be done before my eyes—into fragments."

"Mad woman!" Hermon again broke forth indignantly, and hastily told her how she had been misinformed.

Ledscha's large black eyes dilated as if some hideous spectre was rising from the ground before her, while she heard that the Demeter was the work of Myrtilus and not his; that his friend's legacy had long since ceased to belong to him, and that he was again as poor as when he was in Tennis during the time of their love.

"And the blindness?" she asked sadly.

"It transformed life for me into one long night, illuminated by no single ray of light," was the reply; "but, the immortals be praised, I was cured of it, and it was old Tabus, on the Owl's Nest at Tennis, whose wisdom and magic arts you so often lauded, who gave the remedy and advice to which I owe my recovery."

Here he hesitated, for Ledscha had seized the rope with one hand and the stake at her right with the other, in order not to fall upon her knees; but Hermon perceived how terribly his words agitated her, and spoke to her soothingly. Ledscha did not seem to

hear him, for while still clinging to the rope she looked sometimes at the sand at her feet, sometimes up to the full moon, which was now flooding both sky and earth with light.

At last she dropped it, and said in a hollow tone: "Now I understand everything. From resentment to me she cured the man whom I hated."

"Yet probably also," said Hermon, "because my blighted youth aroused her pity."

"Perhaps so," replied Ledscha hesitatingly, gazing thoughtfully into vacuity. "She was what her demons made her. Hard as steel and gentle as a tender girl. I have experienced it. Oh, that she should die with rancor against me in her faithful old heart! She could be so kind!—even when I confessed that you had won my love, she still held me dear. But there are many great and small demons, and most of them were probably subject to her. Tabus must have learned through them how deeply I offended her son Satabus, and how greatly his son Hanno's life was darkened through me. That is why she thwarted my vengeance, and her spirits aided her. Thus all these things happened. I suspected it when I heard that she had succumbed to death, which I—yes, I here—had held back from her with severe toil through many a sleepless night. O these demons! They will continue to act in the service of the dead. Wherever I may go, they will pursue me, and, at their mistress's bidding, baffle what I hope and desire. I have learned this only too distinctly!"

"No, Ledscha, no," Hermon protested. "Every power ceases with death, even that of the sorceress over spirits. You shall be freed, poor woman! You will be permitted to go wherever you desire; and I shall model no spider after your person, but the fairest of women. Thousands will see and admire her, and—if the Muse aids me—whoever, enraptured by her beauty asks, 'Who was the model for this work which inflames the most obdurate heart?' will be told, 'It was Ledscha, the daughter of Shallit, the

Biamite, whom Hermon of Alexandria found worthy of carving in costly marble."

Ledscha uttered a deep sigh of relief, and asked: "Is that true? May I believe it?"

"As true," he answered warmly, "as that Selene, who promised to grant you in her full radiance the greatest happiness, is now shedding her mild, forgiving light upon us both."

"The full moon," she murmured softly, gazing upward at the shining disk.

Then she added in a louder tone: "Old Tabus's demons promised me happiness—you know. It was the spider which so cruelly shadowed it for me on every full moon, every day and every night. Will you now swear to model a statue from me, the statue of a beautiful human being that will arouse the delight of all who see it? Delight—do you hear?—not loathing—I ask again, will you?"

"I will, and I shall succeed," he said earnestly, holding out his hand across the rope.

She clasped it, looked up to the full moon again, and whispered: "This time—I will believe it—you will keep your promise better than when you were in Tennis. And I—I will cease to wish you evil, and I will tell you why. Bend your ear nearer, that I may confess it openly."

Hermon willingly obeyed the request, but she leaned her head against his, and he felt her labored breathing and the warm tears that coursed silently down her cheeks as she said, in a low whisper: "Because the moon is full, and will yet bring me what the demons promised, and because, though strong, I am still a woman. Happiness! How long ago I ceased to expect it!—but now—yes, it is what I now feel! I am happy, and yet can not tell why. My love—oh, yes! It was more ardent than the burning hate. Now you know it, too, Hermon. And I—I shall be free, you say? And Tabus, how she lauded rest—eternal rest! O dearest—this sorely tortured heart, too—you can not even imagine how weary I am!"

Here she was silent, but the man into whose face she was gazing with loving devotion felt a sudden movement at his side as she uttered the exclamation.

He did not notice it, for the sweet tone of her voice was penetrating the inmost depths of his heart. It sounded as though she was speaking from the happiest of dreams.

"Ledscha!" he exclaimed warmly, extending his arm toward her—but she had already stepped back from his side, and he now perceived the terrible object—she had snatched his sword from its sheath, and as, seized by sudden terror, he gazed at her, he saw the shining blade glitter in the moonlight and suddenly vanish.

In an instant he swung his agile body over the rope and rushed to her. But she had already sunk to her knees, and while he clasped her in his arms to support her, he heard her call his own name tenderly, then murmur it in a lower tone, and the words "Full moon" and "Happiness" escape her lips.

Then she was silent, and her beautiful head dropped on her breast like a flower broken by the tempest.

From "Arachne," By Georg Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. 2 vols. Price: Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, 80 cents.

GLADSTONE'S FOREIGN POLICY.

Gladstone's action in the field of foreign policy, though it was felt only at intervals, was on several occasions momentous, and has left abiding results in European history. In 1851, he being then still a Tory, his powerful pamphlet against the Bourbon government of Naples, and the sympathy he subsequently avowed with the national movement in Italy, gave that movement a new standing in Europe by powerfully recommending it to English opinion. In 1870 the prompt action of his government, in concluding a treaty for the neutrality of Belgium on the outbreak of the war between France

and Germany, saved Belgium from being drawn into the strife. In 1871, by concluding the treaty of Washington, which provided for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, he not only asserted a principle of the utmost value, but delivered England from what would have been, in case of her being at war with any European power, a danger fatal to her ocean commerce. And, in 1876, the vigorous attack he made on the Turks after the Bulgarian massacre roused an intense feeling in England, so turned the current of opinion that Disraeli's ministry were forced to leave the sultan to his fate, and thus became the cause of the deliverance of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, Bosnia and Thessaly from Mussulman tyranny. Few English statesmen have equally earned the gratitude of the oppressed.

Nothing lay nearer to his heart than the protection of the Eastern Christians. His sense of personal duty to them was partly due to the feeling that the Crimean War had prolonged the rule of the Turk, and had thus imposed a special responsibility on Britain, and on the statesmen who formed the cabinet which undertook that war. Twenty years after the agitation of 1876, and when he had finally retired from Parliament and political life, the massacres perpetrated by the sultan on his Armenian subjects brought him once more into the field, and his last speech in public (delivered at Liverpool in the autumn of 1896) was a powerful argument in favor of British intervention to rescue the Eastern Christians. In the following spring he followed this up by a spirited pamphlet on behalf of the freedom of Crete. In neither of these two cases did success crown his efforts, for the government, commanding a large majority in Parliament, pursued the course it had already entered on. Many poignant regrets were expressed in England that Mr. Gladstone was no longer able to take practical action in the cause of humanity; yet it was a consolation to have the assurance that his sympathies with that cause had been nowise dulled by age and physical infirmity.

That he was right in the view he took of the Turks and British policy in 1876-78 has been now virtually admitted even by his opponents. That he was also right in 1896 and 1897, when urging action to protect the Eastern Christians, will probably be admitted ten years hence, when partisan passion has cooled. In both cases it was not merely religious sympathy, but also a farsighted view of policy, that governed his judgment. The only charge that can fairly be brought against his conduct in foreign, and especially in Eastern, affairs is, that he did not keep a sufficiently watchful eye upon them at all times, but frequently allowed himself to be so engrossed by British domestic questions as to lose the opportunity which his tenure of power from time to time gave him of averting approaching dangers. Those who know how tremendous is the strain which the headship of a cabinet and the leadership of the House of Commons impose will understand, though they will not cease to regret, this omission.

Such a record is the best proof of the capacity for initiative which belonged to him and in which men of high oratorical gifts have often been wanting. In the Neapolitan case, in the *Alabama* case, in the Bulgarian case, no less than in the adoption of the policy of a separate legislature and executive for Ireland, he acted from his own convictions, with no suggestion of encouragement from his party; and in the last instances—those of Ireland and of Bulgaria—he took a course which seemed to the English political world so novel and even startling that no ordinary statesman would have ventured on it.

His courage was indeed one of the most striking parts of his character. It was not the rashness of an impetuous nature, for, impetuous as he was when stirred by some sudden excitement, he was wary and cautious whenever he took a deliberate survey of the conditions that surrounded him. It was the proud self-confidence of a strong character, which was willing to risk fame and fortune in pursuing a course it had once resolved upon; a

character which had faith in its own conclusions, and in the success of a cause consecrated by principle; a character which obstacles did not affright or deter, but rather roused to a higher combative energy. Few English statesmen have done anything so bold as was Mr. Gladstone's declaration for Irish home rule in 1886. He took not only his political power, but the fame and credit of his whole past life in his hand when he set out on this new journey at seventy-seven years of age; for it was quite possible that the great bulk of his party might refuse to follow him, and he be left exposed to derision as the chief of an insignificant group. It turned out that the great bulk of the party did follow him, though many of the most influential and socially important refused to do so. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor any one else could have foretold this when his intentions were first announced.

Two faults natural to a strong man and an excitable man were commonly charged on him—an overbearing disposition and an irritable temper. Neither charge was well founded. Masterful he certainly was, both in speech and in action. His ardent manner, the intensity of his look, the dialectical vigor with which he pressed an argument, were apt to awe people who knew him but slightly, and make them abandon resistance even when they were unconvinced. A gifted though somewhat erratic politician used to tell how he once fared when he had risen in the House of Commons to censure some act of the ministry. "I had not gone on three minutes when Gladstone turned round and gazed at me so that I had to sit down in the middle of a sentence. I could not help it. There was no standing his eye." But he neither meant nor wished to beat down his opponents by mere authority. One of the ablest of his private secretaries, who knew him as few people did, once observed: "When you are arguing with Mr. Gladstone, you must never let him think he has convinced you unless you are really convinced. Persist in repeating your view, and if you are un-

able to cope with him in skill of fence, say bluntly that for all his ingenuity and authority you think he is wrong, and you retain your own opinion. If he respects you as a man who knows something of the subject, he will be impressed by your opinion, and it will afterward have due weight with him." In his own cabinet he was willing to listen patiently to everybody's views, and, indeed, in the judgment of some of his colleagues, was not, at least in his later years, sufficiently strenuous in asserting and holding to his own. It is no secret that some of the most important decisions of the ministry of 1880-85 were taken against his judgment, though when they had been adopted he, of course, defended them in Parliament as if they had received his individual approval. Nor, although he was extremely resolute and tenacious, did he bear malice against those who foiled his plans. He would exert his full force to get his own way, but if he could not get it, he accepted the position with dignity and good temper. He was too proud to be vindictive, too completely master of himself to be betrayed, even when excited, into angry words. Whether he was unforgiving and overmindful of injuries, it was less easy to determine, but those who had watched him most closely held that mere opposition or even insult did not leave a permanent sting, and that the only thing he could not forget or forgive was faithlessness or disloyalty. Like his favorite poet, he put the *traditor* in the lowest pit, although, like all practical statesmen, he often found himself obliged to work with those whom he distrusted. His attitude toward his two chief opponents well illustrates this feature of his character. He heartily despised Disraeli, not because Disraeli had been in the habit of attacking him, as one could easily perceive from the way he talked of those attacks, but because he thought Disraeli habitually untruthful, and considered him to have behaved with incomparable meanness to Peel. Yet he never attacked Disraeli personally, as Disraeli often at-

tacked him. There was another of his opponents of whom he entertained an especially bad opinion, but no one could have told from his speeches what that opinion was. For Lord Salisbury he seemed to have no dislike at all, though Lord Salisbury had more than once insulted him. On one occasion (in 1890) he remarked to a colleague who had said something about the prime minister's offensive language: "I have never felt angry at what Salisbury has said about me. His mother was very kind to me when I was quite a young man, and I remember Salisbury as a little fellow in a red frock rolling about on the ottoman." His leniency toward another violent tongue which frequently assailed him, that of Lord Randolph Churchill, was not less noteworthy.

That his temper was naturally hot, no one who looked at him could doubt. But he had it in such tight control, and it was so free from anything acrid or malignant, that it had become a good temper, worthy of a large and strong nature. With whatever vehemence he might express himself, there was nothing wounding or humiliating to others in this vehemence, the proof of which might be found in the fact that those younger men who had to deal with him were never afraid of a sharp answer or an impatient repulse. A distinguished man (the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge), some ten years his junior, used to say that he had never feared but two persons, Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Newman; but it was awe of their character that inspired this fear, for no one could cite an instance in which either of them had forgotten his dignity or been betrayed into a discourteous word. Of Mr. Gladstone especially it might be said that he was cast in too large a mold to have the pettiness of ruffled vanity or to abuse his predominance by treating any one else as an inferior. His manners were the manners of the old time, easy but stately. Like his oratory, they were in what Matthew Arnold used to call the grand style; and the contrast in this respect between him and most of those who crossed

swords with him in literary or theological controversy was apparent. His intellectual generosity was a part of the same largeness of nature. He always cordially acknowledged his indebtedness to those who helped him in any piece of work; received their suggestions candidly, even when opposed to his own preconceived notions; did not hesitate to own a mistake if he had made one. Those who have abundant mental resources, and have conquered fame, can doubtless afford to be generous. Julius Caesar was, and George Washington, and so, in a different sphere, were Newton and Darwin. But the instances to the contrary are so numerous that one may say of magnanimity that it is among the rarest as well as the finest ornaments of character.

The essential dignity of his nature was never better seen than during the last few years of his life, after he had retired (in 1894) from Parliament and public life. He indulged in no vain regrets, nor was there any foundation for the rumors, so often circulated, that he thought of re-entering the arena of strife. He spoke with no bitterness of those who had opposed, and sometimes foiled, him in the past. He gave vent to no disparaging criticisms on those who from time to time filled the place that had been his in the government of the country or the leadership of his party. Although his opinion on current questions was frequently solicited, he scarcely ever allowed it to be known, and never himself addressed the nation, except (as already mentioned) on behalf of what he deemed a sacred cause, altogether above party—the discharge by Britain of her duty to the victims of the Turk.

From "William Ewart Gladstone." By James Bryce. The Century Company, Publishers.

COTTON MATHER AND THE WITCH-MAID.

Ye godly minister of Boston Town
was in Salem in attendance upon the
trial of an old woman, whose spectre

had appeared to several people and terrified them with horrible threats. Furthermore, the beadle had testified to having seen her "Dead Shape" lurking in the very pulpit of the church. It was with unusual relish Cotton Mather had heard her condemnation to death, considering her crime, in particular, deliberate treason to the Lord.

As he stepped from the hot and dusty court into the fresh air, salt with the sea and bright with the sunshine, a great rush of gladness filled his heart, and he mentally framed a prayer that with God's assistance he might rid this fair, new land of witches, and behold the church of his fathers firmly established. Leaving his horse for the present where it was tied to the hitching-post, outside the meeting-house, he walked slowly down the village street to the inn, there to have luncheon before setting out for Boston Town.

The fruit trees growing adown the street were green, and cast little clumps of shadow on the cobblestone pavement. And he thought of their fruitage—being minded to happy thoughts at remembrance of duty done—in the golden autumn, when the stern Puritans held a feast day in thanksgiving to the Lord.

All the impassioned tenderness of the poet awoke in him at the sight of those symbolical little trees.

"And there are the fair fruit trees," he murmured, "and also the trees of emptiness."

Now he bowed to a group of the gossips knitting on a door-stoop in the sun, and now he stooped to set upon its feet a little child that had fallen. At the stocks he dispelled sternly a group of boys who were tickling the feet of the writhing prisoners.

Thus, in one of the rarely serene moments of his troubled life, he made his leisurely way.

But only his exalted mood, wrapping him about as an invisible, impenetrable garment, enabled him to pass thus serenely.

To every one else a weight of terror hung like a pall. The awful superstition seemed in the very air they

breathed. Yet, mechanically, the villagers pursued their daily duties.

At the tavern, Cotton Mather found Judge Samuel Sewall and the school-master—who acted as clerk in court—conversing over their mugs of sack. Pleased to fall in with such company, he drew his stool up to the table.

"Alas, my dear friend," said the good judge, "this witchery business weighs heavy on my soul! I cannot foresee an end to it, and know not who will next be cried out upon. 'Tis a sorry jest, I wot, but meseemeth, in time, the hangman will be the only man left in this afflicted township. E'en my stomach turns 'gainst my best loved dishes."

On the younger man's serene, almost exalted face came a humanizing gleam of gentle ridicule. "Then indeed has the Lord used this witchery business to one godly purpose, at least, if you do turn from things of the flesh, Samuel." A rare sweetness, born of the serenity of his mind and his friendship, was in his glance.

"Nay, nay," spoke the good judge, gruffly, "'tis an ill conscience and an haughty stomach go together. No liking have I for a man who turns from his food. Alas, that such a man should be I and that I should be such a man!" he groaned. "The face of that child we condemned troubles me o' nights."

A menacing frown transformed Cotton Mather's face, and he was changed from the genial friend into the Protestant priest, imperious in his decisions. He struck his hand heavily on the table. "Shall we, then, be wrought upon by a round cheek and tender years, and shrink from doing the Lord's bidding? Most evil is the way of such a maid, and more to be dreaded than all the old hags of Christendom."

"Ay," joined in the school-master, "most evil is the way of such a maid! Such rumors are afloat regarding her. 'Tis said that for the peace of the community she cannot be hanged too soon. 'Tis whispered that the glamour of her way has e'en cast a spell on the old jailer. Moreover, the woman of Ipswich, who was hanged a fortnight ago,

did pray that the witch-maid be saved. Now 'tis an unco uncanny thing, as all the world knows, that one witch should desire good to another witch."

Cotton Mather, as he lunched, became absorbed in troubled thought. The conviction grew that it was his duty to investigate to the full and personally these rumors of the witch-maid. Also, he would seek to lead her to confession to the salvation of her own soul, and, further, that he might learn something regarding the evil ways of witches, and by some good wit turn their own methods against them to the establishment of the Lord.

Full of eager resolve, he did not finish his luncheon, but left the tavern and proceeded to the jail.

There he had the old jailer open the door of the cell very softly, that he might, by some good chance, surprise the prisoner in evil doing.

Quietly the old jailer swung open the door.

Cotton Mather saw a little maiden seated on a straw pallet, knitting. Some wisps of the straw clung to her fair hair, some to her linsey-woolsey petticoat. Where the iron ring had slipped on her white ankle was a red mark.

All the color went from Deliverance's face as she looked up and perceived her visitor. Before his stern gaze she trembled, and her head drooped, and she ceased her knitting. The ball of yarn rolled out from her lap over to the young minister's feet.

She waited for him to speak. The moments passed and still he did not speak, and the torture of his silence grew so great that at last she lifted her head and met his glance, and out of her pain she was enabled to speak. "What would ye have with me, good sir?"

"I have come to pray with you and to exhort you to confession," he answered.

"Nay, good sir," protested Deliverance, "I be no witch."

The old jailer entered with a stool for Mr. Mather, and having set it down, went out and left the two together.

Ere either could speak, there was a rapping at the door.

In answer to the young minister's summons to enter, Sir Jonathan Jamie-son came in.

Deliverance glanced dully at him, all uncaring; for she felt he had harmed her all he could, and now might nevermore injure her. . . .

"I did but see you enter now, as I chanced to come out of the tavern near by," remarked Sir Jonathan, seating himself comfortably, leaning back against the wall, "and, being minded to write a book upon the evil ways of witchery, I followed you in, knowing you came to exhort the prisoner to re-pentance. So I beg that you will grant me the privilege to listen in case she should confess, that I may thereby obtain some valuable notes." As he spoke he shot a quick glance at Deliverance.

She could not divine that menacing look. Was he fearful lest she should confess, or did he indeed seek to have her do so?

Cotton Mather turned, his face filled with passionate and honest fervor, toward the speaker.

"Most gladly," he answered with hearty sympathy; "it is a noble and useful calling. I oft find more company with the dead in their books than in the society of the living, and it has ever been one of my chief thanksgivings that the Lord blessed me with a ready pen. But more of this later. Let us now kneel in prayer."

They both knelt.

But Deliverance remained seated. "Wicked and obstinate o' heart I be," she said, "but Sir Jonathan holds me from prayer. I cannot kneel in company with him."

She no longer felt any fear to speak her mind.

At her words Cotton Mather glanced at Sir Jonathan and saw the man's face go red. His suspicions were aroused therent, and he forgot all his respect for Sir Jonathan's great position and mickle gold, and spoke sternly, as became a minister, recognizing in his profession neither high nor low.

"Do you indeed exercise a mischiev-

ous spell to hold this witch-maid from prayer when she would seem softened toward godliness?"

"Nay," retorted Sir Jonathan, "'tis the malice of her evil, invisible spectre whispering at her ear to cast a reflection on me."

"I prithee go, however, and stand in the corridor outside, and we will see if the witch-maid, relieved of your presence, will pray," advised Cotton Mather.

Sir Jonathan was secretly angered at this command, yet he rose with what fair show of grace he could muster, and went out into the corridor. But an indefinable fear had sprung to life in his heart. For, lo, but a look, a word, an accusation, and one was put upon as a witch.

Deliverance, although she feared the young minister, yet knew him to be not only a great but a good man, and desirous for her soul's good. Thus willingly she knelt opposite him. . . .

Deliverance began to feel that her secret would be torn from her against her will. Alas, what means of self-defence remained to her! Her fingers closed convulsively upon the unfinished stocking in her lap. The feminine instinct to seek relief from painful thought by some simple occupation of sewing or knitting awakened in her. She resolved to continue her knitting, counting each stitch to herself, never permitting her attention to swerve from the task, no matter what words were addressed to her.

So in her great simplicity, and innocent of all worldly conventionalities, she sought security in her knitting.

This action was so unprecedented, it suggested such quiet domesticity and the means by which good women righteously busied themselves, that both priest and layman were disconcerted, and knew not what to do.

Sir Jonathan shook his forefinger at Deliverance. "Listen, mistress," said he, and sought to fix her with his menacing eye.

Deliverance, counting her stitches, heeded him not.

How pale her little face! How quick the glancing needles flashed! And ever back of her counting ran an undercurrent of thought, the words of her dream—A little life sweetly lived.

"This would I threaten you," spoke Sir Jonathan. "You have heard how old Giles Corey is to be put to death?"

The knitting-needles trembled in the small hands. Now she dropped a stitch, and now another stitch.

"And because he will say neither that he is guilty, nor yet that he is not guilty, it is rumored that he is to be pressed to death between stones," continued Sir Jonathan.

A sigh of horror followed his words. The involuntary sound came from Cotton Mather, whose imaginative, highly-strung organism responded to the least touch. His eyes were fixed upon the little maid. He saw the small hands shaking so that they could not guide the needles. How small those hands, how stamped with the innocent seeming of childhood! Oh, that the Devil should take upon himself such a disguise!

"And so, if you do not confess," spoke Sir Jonathan's cold, menacing voice, "you shall not be accorded even the mercy of being hanged, but tied hands and feet, and laid upon the ground. And the villagers shall come and heap stones on you, and I, whom you afflicted, shall count them as they fall. I shall watch the first stone strike you—"

A loud cry from the tortured child interrupted him. She sprang to her feet with arms outstretched. "And when the first stone strikes me," she cried, "God will take me to Himself! Ye can count the stones the others throw upon me, but I shall never ken how fast they fall."

Cotton Mather was moved to compassion. "Let us use all zeal to do away with these evil sorcerers and their fascinations, good Sir Jonathan, but yet let us deal in mercy as far as compatible with justice, lest to do any living thing torture be a reflection on our manhood." With gentleness he then

addressed himself to Deliverance, who had sunk upon her pallet and covered her face with her hands. "Explain to us why the woman of Ipswich, that was hanged, did seek that you be saved?"

Deliverance made no reply. Nor could he prevail upon her in any way; so, after a weary while spent in prayers and exhortations, he and Sir Jonathan rose and went away. At the threshold Cotton Mather glanced back over his shoulder at the weeping little maid.

"This affair savors ill," he remarked, laying his hand heavily on his companion's shoulder as the two went down the corridor; "my heart turned within me, and strange feelings waked at her cry."

From "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide." By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Lamson, Wolfe and Company, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

THE GRAVE-TREE.

Let me have a scarlet maple
For the grave-tree at my head,
With the quiet sun behind it,
In the years when I am dead.

Let me have it for a signal,
Where the long winds stream and
stream,
Clear across the dim blue distance,
Like a horn blown in a dream.

Scarlet when the April vanguard
Bugles up the laggard Spring,
Scarlet when the bannered Autumn
Marches by unwavering.

It will comfort me with honey
When the shining rifts and showers
Sweep across the purple valley
And bring back the forest flowers.

It will be my leafy cabin,
Large enough when June returns,
And I hear the golden thrushes
Flute and hesitate by turns.

And in fall, some yellow morning,
When the stealthy frost has come,
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me
As with comrades going home.

Let me have the Silent Valley

And the hill that fronts the east,
So that I can watch the morning
Redden and the stars released.

Leave me in the Great Lone Country,
For I shall not be afraid
With the shy moose and the beaver
There within my scarlet shade.

I would sleep, but not too soundly,
Where the sunning partridge drums,
Till the crickets hush before him
When the Scarlet Hunter comes.

That will be in warm September,
In the stillness of the year,
When the river-blue is deepest
And the other world is near.

When the apples burn their reddest
And the corn is in the sheaves,
I shall stir and waken lightly
At a footfall in the leaves.

It will be the Scarlet Hunter
Come to tell me time is done:
On the idle hills forever
There will stand the idle sun.

There the wind will stay to whisper
Many wonders to the reeds;
But I shall not fear to follow
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling
Murmur of the river bars,
While his feet are on the mountains
Treading out the smouldering stars.

I shall know him in the sunshine
Sleeping in my scarlet tree,
Long before he halts beside it
Stooping down to summon me.

Then fear not, my friends, to leave me
In the boding autumn vast:
There are many things to think of
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
When the journeying shadows fail,
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
Pass upon the endless trail.

From "By the Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies." By Bliss Carman. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Africa, Central, Exploration and Hunting in. By A. St. H. Gibbons, F. R. G. S. Methuen & Co., Publishers.

Australia, With Stoddart's Team in. By Prince Ranjitsinhji. James Bowden, Publisher.

Browning, Robert, Studies of the Mind and Art of. By James Fotheringham. Horace Marshall & Son, Publishers.

Champion in the Seventies, A. By Edith A. Barnett. Wm. Heinemann, Publisher.

Comedies and Errors. By Henry Harland. John Lane, Publisher.

Criticism, The Principles of. By W. Basil Worsfold, M. A. George Allen, Publisher.

Dante, Stories from. By Morley Chester. Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

Dogma, History of. By Adolph Harnack. Translated by E. B. Spiers and James Millar. Vol. IV. Williams & Norgate, Publishers.

Drama, French, The Modern. By Augustin Filon. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. Chapman & Hall, Publishers.

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